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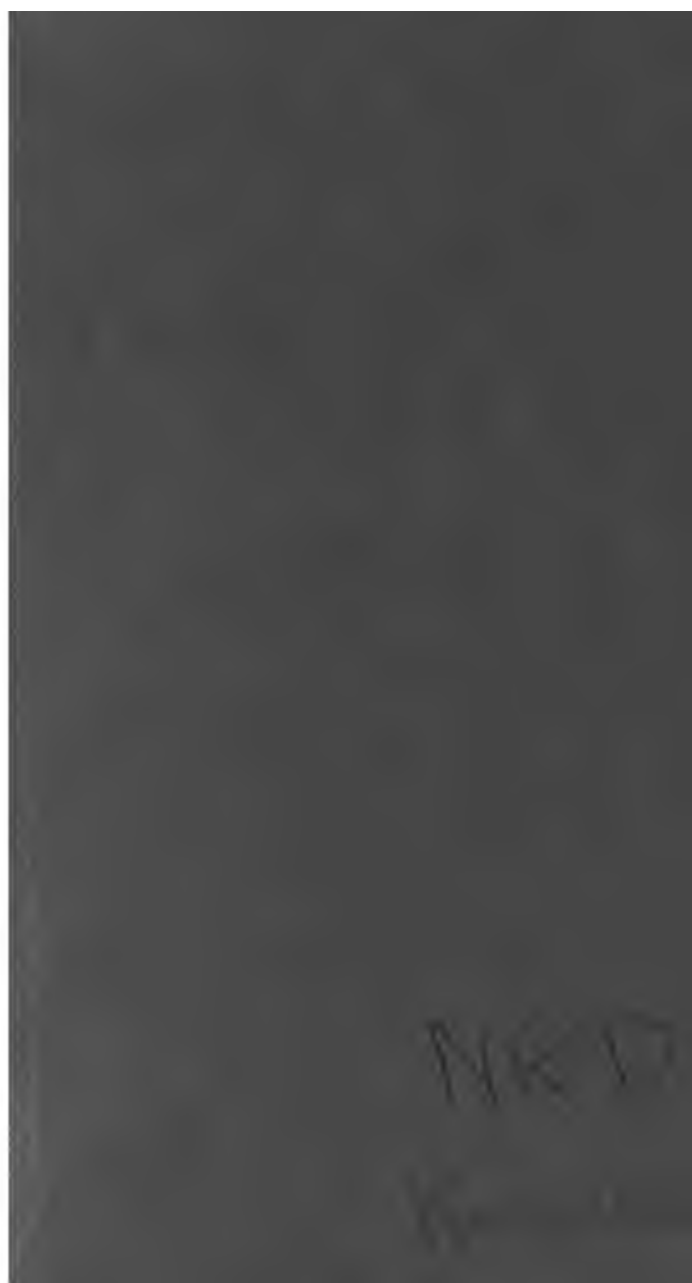


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**SPECIMENS**  
**OF**  
**GREEK AND LATIN VERSE.**

*Handwritten:*  
1872



R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

SPECIMENS  
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GREEK AND LATIN VERSE:

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BY  
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## THE ISLES OF GREECE.

---

[The lines of Lord Byron are printed, on account of the similarity of some passages in the Greek.]

---

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' 'Islands of the Bless'd.'

## THE ISLES OF GREECE.

---

This Ode obtained the Gold Medal in the University of Cambridge.

A few alterations have been made in it since.]

---

Εἶθε τις κούφαις πτερύγεσσιν ἄρας  
 τῇλ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰν Λεσβίδ' ἀναρπάσαι με·  
 τὰς γὰρ ἰμείρω χερὶ συλλαβεῖν φόρ-  
 μιγγα λιγείαν,

ἃ ποτ' εἰς ἔρωτα καὶ ἄδονὰν κῆρ  
 ἐξέγειρεν Ἑλλάδος ὦ, πόθεν μοι  
 φίλτρα τ' ἔλθοι καὶ μελίγαρυς ὀμφὰ  
 οἷ' ἐλέλυσδε

χαρμονὰν ἄβαν τε πνέουσα χορδὰς·  
 πολλὰ μούνα μειλιχιᾶν ὑπ' αἰγλᾶν  
 ἐσπέρας ἀκύμονα πρὸς θάλασσαν  
 στᾶσ' ἐπὶ πρῶνός

καρδίας θρῆνον δυσέρωτ' ἐφώνει·  
 ἔκλυον δρυμοί θ' αἰλῆαι τε πέτραι,  
 πενθέων τ' οἴκτω γλυκερῶν αἰοιδᾶς  
 λάθετ' ἀηδών·

The Mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea ;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;

For standing on the Persians' grave,

I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations :—all were his !

He counted them at break of day—

And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,

My country ? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine ?

τᾶς δὲ κηληθμοῖς ὁ σιδαροχάρμας  
 θελγεθ' ὕμνατῆρ, καὶ ἄρειον ὄρμᾶν  
 ἔσχε, καὶ τερπναῖς μανίαισι πάντα  
 θυμὸν ἔδωκεν.

ἦν τὰδ· Αἰγαίας χέλυος πέπανται  
 φθόγγος· ὕμνατῶν χάρις ἐξόλωλε·  
 κύμα νῦν μόνον ποτὶ θιν' ἐρήμαν  
 πένθιμον ἄδει.

ἀλλ' ἔμ' ἀδειᾶν ψιθυρίσματ' αὐρᾶν  
 τηλόθεν σαίνει· φέρετ' ὦ θεοί με  
 νηνέμου δι' αἰθέρος, ἔνθα ναίει  
 ἄμβροτον εἶαρ,

καὶ φλέγει μειδήμασιν Ἀφροδίτας  
 γὰρ τε καὶ πόντος· φέρετ' ἔνθα νᾶσοι  
 κάλλει στέφουσιν ἀνάριθμοι κρυσ-  
 τάλλινον οἶδμα·

θέσκειται νᾶσοι, παρὰ ταῖσι καλὰ  
 πάντα, πλὴν ἀνδρῶν γενεᾶς, τέθαλε·  
 βοτρυῶν ἐκεῖ γάνος, ἀλίῳ χρυ-  
 σοῖο γένεθλον,



'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
 For what is left the poet here ?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd ?  
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?  
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, " Let one living head,  
 But one arise—we come, we come !"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

πορφυρῶν ῥήγνυσι δι' αμπελώνων·  
 πᾶρ τε κρανῶν ἀργυρόεντι φέγγει  
 εὐστομεῖ σύμφωνα καταρρέουσι  
 νάμασιν ὄρνις.

ἀδὺ βασσάων ῥόδον· ἀδὺ κώρας  
 νασιώτιδος ῥόδον ἐν παρειᾷ·  
 τοῦ τε παγαίου μέλεος γλυκίου  
 τὸ στόμα τήνας.

καλὸς ἀστήρ, ὃς κατ' ἀτέρμον' αὐγὰν  
 ποντίας λεύσσει πλακός· ἀλλὰ πουλὺ  
 καλλίον φέγγος τὸ νεανικῶν ἀσ-  
 τράπτου ἀπ' ὄσσων.

πᾶ ποτ' ἐστὲ, δαίμονες ; οὐκέθ' ὑμᾶς  
 παρθένων χοροστασίαι σέβοντι·  
 οὐκέθ' ἄς Πάφου κατὰ μυρσινῶνας  
 Κύπρις ἀθύρει.

ἀφθίτων τεχνῶν πάτερ, ἐκλέλοιπας  
 γὰν τεὰν, Ἀφαιστέ· πελώριον σῶν  
 ἀκμόνων εὔδει μένος· οὐκέτ' ἐκ γᾶς  
 σμερδαλέον πῦρ

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine !

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine :

Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one ?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

We will not think of themes like these !

It made Anacreon's song divine :

He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant : but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

ἀσπέτοις ἐρευγόμενον θνέλλαις  
 καππέδον κυλίνδεται. Ἥριπες τὺ,  
 γηγενὲς πύλωμα Ῥόδου. Θεῶ μάλ'  
 εἵκελον ἔστας

ὑψίπουν βῆμ', ὑψικάρανον εἶδος,  
 κυμάτων τηλέσκοπον· αἱ δ' ἔνερθεν  
 ἀμβλεποῖσαι νᾶες ὑπερφυᾶ τεχ-  
 νάματ' ἐθάμβευν.

Τηίων τίς μοι μελέων προφάταν  
 κιννάτω κρατῆρα Σάμου· σὺ δ' οὖρον  
 Μοῖσ' ἔει πλασίσιτιον· ἡνίδ' ὥς ἔ-  
 λαμψε δι' αἶθραν

μαρμαροῦν Πάρου σέλας· ὃ φαεννᾶν  
 Κυκλάδων ἄνασσα, μάκαιρα Δῆλος,  
 χαῖρε, χαῖρ'· αἰέν σ' ἐφίλασε Φοῖβος,  
 Ἄρτεμις αἰέν.

σῶ γὰρ ἐν νάπα γόνυ κάμψε Λατῶ,  
 δυστόκων τ' ἄμπνευσε πόνων· πέριξ μιν  
 χεῦσε δάφνα φύλλα, κατηρεφής θ' ὕ-  
 περθ' ἀναφῦσα

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;

*That* tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh ! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind !

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore ;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells ;

In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells ;

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,

Would break your shield, however broad.

ὠλένας φοῖνιξ, μαλακὸν σκίαμα,  
 τεῖνεν· εἰς φάος δὲ φανέντ' ἔραννόν  
 τέκνα προσγέλαξεν, ἀμαχάνφ τ' ὀ-  
 ρέγματι χειρῶν

θέλγε ματρῶον κέαρ. ᾧ Α, τίς ἀχὼ  
 τυμπάνων ἐπληξέ μ'; ἰδοῦ, πέδονδε  
 Ναξίου κατ' ὄρεος εὐμαρεῖ σκιρ-  
 τήματι πίπτει

κισσοχαῖτ' ἄναξ, Βρόμιος· καὶ εὐοῖ  
 Μαινάδες τὸν εὖιον ἀμβοῶσιν,  
 εὐίοις βοάμασιν ἀντιπληξ βακ-  
 χεύεται ἀκτά.

ρίπτε νῦν κώμου νόμον, Ὀρφέως δὲ  
 ἔνθεον στάθεσσιν ἔγειρε φωνάν.  
 Θρακίων ἀνδῦσά μ' ἀπ' ὠρέων ἐ-  
 πέπτet' ὀμίχλα,

καί τις αὐδᾶ σεμνόν· ἐκάς, βέβαλοι·  
 δεῦρ' ὅς εὐδαίμων, πραπίδεσσιν ἀγναῖς  
 δρέψαι ἀρρήτων τελετῶν ἄωτον  
 ὀλβοδοτειρᾶν.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

ἂ μάται' ὀνειράτα· τίς γὰρ ἀνὴρ  
φαίνεται Πάτμου κατ' ἔρημον ἄλσος;  
ὄλβιος δὴ τις· περὶ δ' οἱ πρόσωπον  
ἴσταται ἀστήρ·

προπρὸ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν μέγα φάσμ' ὄρωρεν·  
ἦνι, χρυσαῖς λαμπάσιν ἐμπρέπει Τις  
χαλκόπους, πυρωπὸς, ἔχει δ' ἄρ' ὠρα-  
νοῖο καὶ αἰδοῦ

ἐν χεροῖν κλαῖδας ὄρημ', ὄρημι  
παμφαῆς Πατρὸς σέβας, ἱρισὶν τε  
τὸν θρόνον στίλβοντα· κλύω, κλύω σάλ-  
πιγγος αὐτὰν

ἄσχετον· τρέμ' ὠρανὸς, ἔτρεμ' αἰθὴρ,  
καὶ θάλασσα συντεταραγμένα, γὰρ δ'  
ἐρράγη βροντῇσι διαμπερές. θαυ-  
μάστ' ἀνέφηνε

καρδίαις πιστῶν Θεός· ἀλλὰ νῦν μοι  
χαιρέτω· πάντ' ἔσσεται, εὔτε θνατοῖς  
λάμπεται τὸ κύριον ὑψόθεν τε-  
λεσφόρον ἄμαρ.



## FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

---

Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,  
Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,  
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.  
This day I have begot, whom I declare  
My only Son, and on this holy hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand ; your head I him appoint ;  
And by myself have sworn ; to him shall bow  
All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord :  
Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
United, as one individual soul,  
For ever happy : him who disobeys,  
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Κλύτέ μεν, οὐράνιοι, φωτὸς γένος αἰθερίοιο,  
 Κοιρανίαι, δυνάμεις τε, θρόνοι τ', ἀρεταί τε, κράτη τε,  
 Κλύτε Θεοῦ βούλευμα, τὸ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται.  
 Σήμερον ἐξ ἡμῶν φύεται, τὸν Παῖδ' ὀνομάζω,  
 Μοῦνον Παῖδ' ἀγαπητόν· ἔχρισα δέ μιν κατὰ κλιτὺν  
 Τήνδ' ἱερήν· ὃν ἐμοίγε παρήμενον εἰσοράασθε  
 Δεξιτερῇ· τοῦτον δ' ὑμῖν ἄρχοντ' ἐπέθηκα·  
 Καὶ κεφαλῇ κατένευσ' ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὄρκον ὅμοσσα.  
 Τοῦτον γουνυπετεῖς πάντων γένος οὐραγιῶνων  
 Ὑμνήσουσιν ἄνακτα· πατρὸς δ' ἀρχὴν διέποντι  
 Πειθόμενοι, μάκαρες καὶ ὅμοιοι πάντες ἔσονται,  
 Ὡς μία τις ψυχὴ· δυσδαίμων δ' ὅς κ' ἀπίθεται·  
 Κεῖνος ἐμοὶ μάχεται, θεῖην θ' ὁμόνοϊαν ἀτίζει·  
 Καὶ μάλα τοῦτο κατ' ἡμάρ ἐμοῦ τ' ἄπο καὶ μακαριτῶν  
 Νόσφιν ἀπορρίφθεις, ὑπὸ τάρταρον εἰσιν ἄπειρον  
 Εἰς βάθρα σκοτόεντα, καὶ αὐτόθι δῶμα κιχῆσει  
 Μόρσιμον· οὐδ' ἐκ τῶνδε λύσις πέλετ' οὐδὲ τελευτή.

THE ROSE.

---

Here is verdure and bloom on the bush and the tree,  
And many a flower sweetly blows :  
But one is the dearest of all to me ;  
'Tis the joy of my heart, 'tis the Rose.  
The snowdrop is fair, and the pansies are gay,  
The daisy with smile cheers the ground ;  
And sweet in the bush is the white-thorn of May,  
And woodbine that clusters around :  
But the flower of my soul hath a lustre more bright,  
And a loveliness deeper than those ;  
The pride of the garden, the summer's delight,  
Oh ! the queen of them all is the Rose.

The lily with grace doth her petals unfold,  
The tulip with rich scarlet glows,  
The daffodil wears a mantle of gold,  
But all these must yield to the Rose.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Rus mihi pandit opes ; viret hic et germinat arbor,

Larga mihi florum copia, largus odor ;

Sed tamen ex omni numero carissimus unus,

Cordis amor nostri delicæque, Rosa.

Primula vere nitet ; redolent violaria dumi ;

Exhilarat risu candida bellis humum ;

Suavis et in spinâ qui flos diffunditur albâ,

Amplexumque rubos suave periclymenon :

At facies, dilecta, tibi formosior illis,

Lumen amabilius, gratia major inest ;

Hortorum decus, æstatis lectissima proles,

Tu mihi flos florum, tu, Rosa, noster amor.

Lilia regalem tollunt illustria formam,

Tulpia coccineâ fulget amicta togâ,

Miraturque suo sese narcissus in auro ;

Cedere sed nostræ cuncta necesse Rosæ.

She blushes like fairest of maidenkind,  
     She laughs like the Goddess of day ;  
 She sheds pearly tears, and the beam and the wind  
     Contend who shall kiss them away.  
 Then, virgins, your posies, your garlands entwine,  
     Mingle hues of each flower that grows ;  
 But none shall compare with this flowret of mine:  
     Thee I wear next my heart, lovely Rose.

The summer is short, and the winter must come,  
     With her hail, and her storm, and her snows,  
 And things that are fairest in our pleasant home  
     Must wither alike with the Rose :  
 O'er glade and o'er valley the glories of June  
     Bleak winds of December shall sweep,  
 And leaves, now that glitter, on earth shall be strewn,  
     And flowers in their cold bed shall sleep :  
 But whilst I have life my love shall endure ;  
     Like a fountain for ever that flows,  
 Like a sunbeam that shines immortal and pure,  
     Is the love of my heart for the Rose.

Illa puellarum rubet ut pulcherrima, ridet  
 Ut Dea quæ croceum fundit ab ore diem ;  
 Flet similes gemmis lachrymas ; at basia siccant,  
 Æmula quæ teneræ sol dat et aura genæ.  
 Vos igitur, nymphæ, varios miscete colores,  
 Nectite virgineis florea sarta comis ;  
 Noster enim veneres superabit flosculus omnes ;  
 Proxima tu cordi, tu, Rosa cara, meo.

Heu, brevis est æstas ; venient et tempora brumæ  
 Horrendæque nives et glaciale gelu ;  
 Jucundæque domûs pulcherrima quæque videbo  
 Cum tenerâ pariter deperiisse Rosâ :  
 Sole sub æstivo quicquid florescit amœni  
 Arva per et valles turbine verret hyems ;  
 Et frondes sternentur humi, et viduabitur arbor,  
 Dormiet in tristi gemma calyxque toro :  
 Sed meus hic durabit amor, dum vita manebit ;  
 Ut scatet e vivo fonte perennis aqua,  
 Ut jubar æternæ lucis quod origine manat,  
 Sic mea mens puro fervet amore Rosæ.

FROM MILTON'S COMUS.

---

To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
There I suck the liquid air  
All amidst the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree :  
Along the crispèd shades and bowers  
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;  
The Graces and the rosy bosom'd Hours  
Thither all their bounties bring ;  
There eternal Summer dwells,  
And west winds, with musky wing,  
About the cedar'd alleys fling  
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
Iris there with humid bow

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Εἰς ὠκεανὸν πέτομαι, μάκαράς τ'  
 εὐρέας ἀγρούς τοὺς αἰθερίους,  
 οἷς ἐπ' αὔπνον κίδνεται ἡμαρ·  
 πίομαι αὔρας δρόσον ἐν κήποις  
 οὖς μετὰ κουρῶν Ἑσπερος οἰκεῖ  
 χρυσοῦν δένδρον περιμελπουσῶν.  
 ἔνθ' ἀνὰ δρυμοὺς εὐσκιά τ' ἄλση  
 παίζον χαίρει φαίδιμον εἶαρ,  
 χάριτές θ' ὦραι θ' αἱ ῥοδόκολποι  
 πλοῦτον παντοῖον ἄγουσιν·  
 κἀνθάδε ναίει θέρος ἀέναον,  
 ζέφυροί τ' ἀγανὰ πτερὰ σείοντες  
 περὶ τὰς κεδρίνας πάσσουσιν ὁδοὺς  
 νάρδου σμύρνης τ' ὁσμὴν γλυκεράν·  
 ὑγρῷ τ' Ἴρις ραίνει τόξῳ



Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hue  
Than her purpled scarf can show ;  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound,  
In slumbers soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen ;  
But far above, in spangled sheen,  
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced  
After her wandering labours long,  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy : so Jove hath sworn.

μαλακὰς ὄχθας, καλὰ πνεούσας  
 ἄνθη ποικίλα, τοῖς οὐκ αὐτῆς  
 ἴσα πουλυβαφεὲς πέπλον ἐμφαίνει.  
 χεῖ δ' ἄρ' ἐέρσης ψεκὰδ' Ἑλυσίας  
 (κλύετ' ὦ θνητοὶ, θέμις οἷσι κλύειν)  
 εἰς λέκτρα ῥόδων ἥδ' ὑακίνθων,  
 οἷς ἐπ' Ἀδωνις θαμὰ, τῆς πικρᾶς  
 ἐξ ὠτειλῆς ὑγιαζόμενος,  
 κείται μαλακῶς, ἥ τ' Ἀσσυρία  
 βασίλεια χαμαὶ πενθοῦσ' ἵζει·  
 παῖς δ' ἐρικυδὴς ὁ ποθεινὸς Ἑρως,  
 ὑψοῦ στίλβων ἀστεροφεγγὲς,  
 τὴν ἀγαπητὴν Ψυχὴν ἀνέχει  
 μετὰ τὰς μακρὰς ὄναρ ἥδ' πλάνας,  
 εἰς ὃ μιν ἄξει θείαν γαμετὴν  
 ἐπινευσάντων οὐρανίωνων,  
 καὶ γεννήσει σώματος ἀγνοῦ  
 διδύμας, Ἥβην ἥδ' Εὐφροσύνην,  
 ὀλβιομοίρους·  
 τοῦτον Ζεὺς ὤμοσεν ὄρκον.

## FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

---

Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon  
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed  
Their callow young ; but feather'd soon and fledge  
They summ'd their pens ; and, soaring the air sublime,  
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their aëry caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight. So steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air  
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes :  
From branch to branch the smaller birds with songs  
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings  
Till even : nor then the solemn nightingale

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Interea cava terrarum tepidæque paludes  
Littoraque innumeros ovis prægnantia foetus  
Parturiunt. Rupere almi simul ova calores,  
Emicat implumis soboles ; mox lævia sumit  
Tegmina plumarum, teneras et concutit alas ;  
Mox rapit in sublime viam, et clangore sonanti  
Spernit ovans terram, et caput inter nubila condit.  
Hic aquilæ proles, hic alta ciconia ponit  
Montibus et summo cedrorum in culmine nidum.  
Pars temere ac diversa volat ; pars agmine certo  
Communem cuneis cursum sapientius urgent,  
Tempora cœlorum expertæ, solitæque vagari  
Trans mare, trans terram, et junctis sibi mutua pennis  
Præstare auxilia, et facilem super aera currum.  
Sic iter aerium venturæ provida brumæ  
Grus peragens, vento invehitur ; ruit ordine longo  
Agmen, et ingenti sub verberè fluctuat aura.  
At frondes intersaliens gens parva volucrum  
Carminè solatur sylvas, et mille colores

Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays :  
Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed  
Their downy breast ; the swan with archèd neck,  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit  
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
The mid aërial sky : others on ground  
Walk'd firm ; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
Of rainbows and starry eyes.

---

Explicat ad solem, donec vehit Hesperus umbras.  
Tunc etiam haud cessat questus philomela canoros  
Audiri modulans ; noctem canit illa per omnem.  
Argenteis aliæ rivis lacubusque lavare  
Pectoraque et molles humeros. Ibi navigat æquor  
Remigio crurum, et curvamine colla superbo  
Flectit olor, niveas inter nutantia pennas.  
Nonnunquam genus hoc stagnis petere alta relictis,  
Viribus alarum conniti, et findere nubes.  
Ast aliæ terrâ incedunt ; cristatus in illis  
Gallus, qui lituo taciturnas nuntiat horas  
Claricitans ; caudamque trahit formosior alter,  
Centum quæ radiat stellis, velut iride cœlum.

---

SONG, BY MOORE.

---

Oh the days are gone when beauty bright  
    My heart's chain wove,  
When my dream of life from morn till night  
    Was love, still love.  
    New hope may bloom,  
    And days may come  
    Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
    As love's young dream.  
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
    As love's young dream. .

Though the bard to purer fame may soar  
    When wild youth's past ;  
Though he win the wise who frown'd before  
    To smile at last ;

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Οἶμοι, πέφευγεν ἡμαρ,  
 ὅτε καρδίας ὕφαινε  
 δέσμωνά μοι τὸ κάλλος,  
 τό τε φροντίδων ὄνειρον  
 ἠῶθεν ἡδὲ νύκτα  
 ἦν οὐδὲν ἄλλ' ἔρωτος.  
 τάχ' ἂν νέα ποτ' ἐλπὶς  
 μαλακώτερόν τε λάμπον  
 φάος ἡμερῶν ἀνέλθοι·  
 ἀλλ' ἐν ζόῳ βροτεία  
 οὐδὲν ποθεινὸν οὔτως  
 ἔρωτος ὡς ὄνειρον.  
 Ἄοιδος ἂν ποθ' ἦβης  
 ἀκολαστίαν περάσας  
 ἄροιτο κῦδος ἐσθλὸν,  
 σοφίαν τε τὴν σκυθρωπὸν  
 τρέποι ποτ' εἰς γέλωτα·



He 'll never meet  
A joy so sweet  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sang to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame ;  
And at every close she blush'd to hear  
The one loved name.

Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love traced !  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
In memory's waste ;  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed,  
'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream ;  
Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream !

ἀλλ' ἐν κλέει φλέγοντα  
 οὐδέν μιν ᾧδε τέρψει,  
 ὡς πῦρ ὃ κῆρ ἔθαλπε  
 ὅτ' ἐν ὤσιν ἦδε κούρης,  
 ἢ δ', οὐνομ' εὐτ' ἐπίσχοι  
 τὸ φιληθὲν ἐξανειπῶν,  
 ἡρευθία κλύουσα.  
 Οὐκ ἂν ποθ' ἀγνὸν εἶδος  
 ἀποφθίνουι, τὸ πρῶτον  
 ἔγραψ' ἔρως νεάζων,  
 χρονιώτατον δὲ μίμνει  
 τὸ μνημον ἔνθα κῆρος  
 ἐν ἔρημιά τέθηλεν·  
 ὁσμή τις ἦν ὁποία  
 πνεύσας' ἅμ' ἐσκεδάσθη·  
 ὄναρ πτερωτὸν ἡοῦς·  
 αὐγή τις ἢ τὸ νωθὲς  
 ῥέος οὐ δύναιτ' ἂν αὐθις  
 ἐπιφωτίσαι βίοιο.

## FROM AKENSIDE.

---

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven,)  
The living fountains in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime : here, hand in hand,  
Sit paramount the Graces ; here enthroned  
Celestial Venus with divinest airs  
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.  
Look then abroad through nature, to the range  
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;  
And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene  
With half that kindling majesty dilate  
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate  
Amid the crowd of patriots ; and his arm  
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove  
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud  
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
And bade the father of his country hail ;  
For lo ! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,  
And Rome again is free.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Fons sacer est animus, (terram hanc et sydera testor,)   
 Quo fluit ex uno pulchrum et sublime quod usquam est.   
 Hic Charites junxere manus; cœlestia ridens   
 Hic solium tenet alma Venus, suavique lepore   
 Allicit invitans divina ad gaudia pectus.   
 Aspice naturæ faciem, quâ parte pererrant   
 Syderaque et soles, creberque adamantinus orbis   
 Volvitur æterno vastum per inane meatu;   
 Et dic, mortalis; num te spectacula mundi   
 Ista movent tantum, tantâque micantia corda   
 Majestate tument, quam cum de cæde refulgens   
 Cæsaris assurgit Brutus, tollitque lacertum   
 Ad conjuratos patriam defendere cives   
 Sublimem, (velut omnipotens cum fulmina mittit   
 Jupiter in terras ultricia,) Tullium et altâ   
 Voce vocat, quatiens respersum sanguine ferrum,   
 Et patriæ salvere patrem jubet? Ecce tyrannus   
 Pulvere fœdavit crines, et libera Roma est!

SONG.

---

We met—'twas in a crowd,  
And I thought he would shun me;  
He came—I could not breathe,  
For his eye was upon me :

He spoke—his words were cold,  
And his smile was unalter'd ;  
I knew how much he felt,  
For his deep-toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,  
And I rivall'd its whiteness;  
Bright gems were in my hair ;  
How I hated their brightness !

He called me by my name,  
As the bride of another :  
Oh ! thou hast been the cause  
Of this anguish, my mother.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

\*Ἦλθομεν εἰς ἕνα χῶρον, ὄχλος δ' ἀμφίστατο πουλὺς,  
 οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔφην πελάσαι Δάμον' ἐμείο θέλειν·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἦλθε πέλας, πνεῦσαι δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,  
 Δάμονος ὀφθαλμῶν εἰς ἐμὲ πηγνυμένων.  
 εἶπε δ' ἔπος, μάλα τι ψυχρὸν, χεῖλει δέ τις ἄκρῳ  
 κοῦφος ἐπὴν, ὅσσω δ' οὐκ ἐνέλαμπε γέλως·  
 ἔγνω δ' ὅσσον ἄχος πραπίδων ἔντοσθε πῖεζεν,  
 ὥς ἀφίει τρομερῶς τὴν βαρύφωνον ὄπα.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γ' ἐφόρουν περὶ σώματι νυμφικὸν εἶμα,  
 δεσποσύνης οὐδὲν λευκότερον χροῖτης,  
 ἦσαν δ' ἐν πλοκάμοισι λίθοι, περικαλλὲς ἄγαλμα,  
 λαμπρὸν ἰδεῖν, κραδίη δ' οὐ μάλ' ἄρεσκεν ἐμῇ·  
 καί μ' ὀνόμασσε ἀνὴρ, γαμετὴν δὲ κάλεσσε γυναῖκα·  
 ἐκ σέθεν, ὦ μῆτερ, πᾶν τόδ' ὄρωρε κακόν.

And once again we met,  
And a fair girl was near him;  
He smiled and whisper'd low,  
As I once used to hear him :

She leant upon his arm ;  
Once 'twas mine and mine only :  
I wept, for I deserved  
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she shall be his bride ;  
At the altar he'll give her  
The love that is too true  
For a heartless deceiver:

The world may think me gay,  
For my feelings I smother :  
Oh ! thou hast been the cause  
Of this anguish, my mother.

δεύτερον ἀλλήλοισι συνεκύρσαμεν, ἴστατο δ' ἐγγὺς  
 ἡϊθέου καλὴν ὄψιν ἔχουσα κόρη,  
 τὴν βλέπε μειδιῶν, ψιθύριζε δὲ μείλιχ' ἐν ὤσιν,  
 οἷα ποτὲ γλυκερῶς ἐψιθύριζεν ἐμοί·  
 ἀνδρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀέκουσα βραχίονος εἴχετο κούρη·  
 φεῦ, φεῦ· πρὶν ἐμὸς ἦν οὗτος, ἐμός γε μόνης·  
 καὶ τότ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν δάκρυ μοι ῥέεν· ἦν γὰρ ἔρημος,  
 ἦν ἀθλίη, λυγρῆς εἵνεκ' ἀτασθαλίας.  
 τὼ ζεύξει μακάριστος Ὕμην, ὁ δὲ τὴν ἐπὶ βῶμον  
 χειρὸς ἄγων φιλίας ὄρκια πιστὰ τεμεῖ,  
 αἰδίου φιλίας, τῆς οὐ θέμις ἐστ' ἀπολαῦσαι  
 ψεύδορkon νύμφην ἢ φίλον ἄνδρα προδῶ·  
 εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼ παιδρωπὸς ἰδεῖν· τὰ γὰρ ἄλγεα κρίπτω.  
 μήτερ ἐμὴ κάκοφρον, σὴ μ' ἀπόλεσσε τέχνη.



SONG, BY MOORE.

---

When he who adores thee has left but the name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
Oh say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?

Yes, weep ; and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface the decree :  
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;  
Every thought of my reason was thine :  
In the last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see :  
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Cum sceleris titulos et fati præter acerbi  
Nil tibi de fido cive superstes erit,  
Tunc dabis lachrymas, quod me convicia lædant,  
Qui tibi do vitam, terra paterna, meam ?

Sis tu flere memor ! tunc, si maledixerit hostis,  
Delebunt lachrymæ tristia probra tuæ :  
Testor enim cœlum ; quanquam illi justa querela est,  
Te nimîa tantum dicar amâsse fide.

Prima mihi puero arrisit tua dulcis imago,  
Unica tu mentis cura virilis eras :  
Et Domino moriens cum verba precantia fundam,  
Juncta meum nomen vota tuumque ferent.

Felix, quisquis erit tibi sospes amicus, Ierne,  
Promissum fatis cum feret hora decus :  
Carus at hic cœlo, vix illi sorte secundus,  
Cui licuit pro te sic statuuisse mori.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

---

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—  
But soft! what light from yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.—  
It is my lady; Oh, it is my love!  
Oh that she knew she were!—  
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?  
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do intreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres, till they return.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

This Translation obtained the Porson Prize. Some alterations  
have since been made.

---

ῬΩΜ. Οὐλαῖς γελαῖ τις τραυμάτων ἄπειρος ὦν.  
τί δῆτ' ἐκείνης θυρίδος ἐξέλαμψε φῶς;  
ἕως ἄρ' ἦν τόδ', ἥλιος δ' Ἰουλία.  
ἀνέλθε, καλλιφεγγὲς ἥλιε, κτενῶν  
φθονερὰν σελήην, ἣ τέτηκεν ἄλγεσι,  
σοῦ τῆς γε δούλης καλλονῇ νικωμένη.  
τί τῇ φθονούσῃ λάτρει εἶ; τί σοι μέλει  
ἔσθημα παρθένειον; ὥς μελαγχολεῖ,  
μῶραί τε νιν φοροῦσι· σοὶ δ' ἐκδυτέα.  
δέσποιν' ἐμὴ πέφηνε, καρδίας ἐμῆς  
τὰ φίλταθ'· ὥς γὰρ εἶδέναι τόδ' ὄφελε.  
φωνεῖ τι, φωνεῖ· κούδεν εἶφ' ὅμως· τί μήν;  
ὅσων με σαίνει φθέγμα· τοῦτ' ἀμείψομαι.  
ἄγαν γ' ἀναιδὲς εἰμ'· ἔμ' οὐ προσεννέπει·  
ἀλλ' ἀστέρ' ἀσχολοῦντε καλλίστω τινε  
λίσσεσθον αὐτῆς ὄμματ', ἔστε δὴ πάλιν  
ἱκνήσθον, ἐν τοῖς οἷσιν ἀνγάζειν κύκλοις.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !  
 Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek !

*Jul.*

Ah me !

*Rom.*

She speaks ; —

Oh, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?  
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :  
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

εἰ δ' ἦν ἐκεῖ μὲν ὄμματ', ἐν δ' αὐτῆς κάρᾳ  
 ἄστρον μετοικισθέντε, πρὸς παρηΐδα  
 μαυροῖτ' ἂν ἄστρα, λαμπὰς ὡς παρ' ἥλιον,  
 μετάρσιός τ' ὀφθαλμοὺς οὐρανοῦ διὰ  
 πέμποι σέλας τηλαυγές, ὀρνίθων μέλη  
 ἐφ' αὖ κινῶν, ὡς σκότου πεφευγότες.  
 ἴδ' ὡς παρειὰν εἰς χέρ' ἀγκλίνασ' ἔχει·  
 εἴθ' ἦν ἐκείνης δεξιᾶς χειρὶς ἐγὼ,  
 ὅπως ἐκείνης ἠπτόμην παρηΐδος.

ΙΟΥΛ. ὦ μοι·

ΡΩΜ. ἐφθέγγατ' ὦ φθέγγαιο, φαιδιμή, πάλιν·  
 ὑπερθε γάρ μου τῆσδ' ἄγαλμα νυκτὸς εἶ,  
 ὡς εὖτε θνητοῖς ἦλθεν ἄγγελος Θεοῦ,  
 οἱ δ' ἐκπλαγέντες ὑπτιάζουσιν κόρας,  
 καὶ τοῦπίσω κλίνουσιν ὥστε προσβλέπειν  
 νεφελῶν ἐφιππεύοντα τῶν βραδυστόλων,  
 πτεροῖσι ναυστολῶντα κόλπον αἰθέρος.

ΙΟΥΛ. ὦ Ῥωμεὼν, τί δῆτα Ῥωμεὼν ἔφυς ;  
 πατέρα τ' ἀναίνου κῶνομ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ θέλεις,  
 ὄμνυ φίλῃτῳ τῆσδε πιστὸς ἐμμενεῖν,  
 καὶ γὰρ δόμων τε καὶ γένους ἐξίσταμαι.

SONG, BY MOORE.

---

Fond soother of my infant tear,  
Fond sharer of my infant joy,  
Doth not thy shade still linger here?  
Am I not still thy soul's employ?  
And oh, as when at close of day  
Our virgins climb'd the sacred mount,  
And harping sang their choral lay  
And danced around Cassotis' fount;  
As then 'twas all thy wish and care  
That mine should be the simplest mien,  
My voice and lyre the sweetest there,  
My step the lightest on the green;  
So now, each line of grace to mould,  
Around my form thine eyes are shed,  
Arranging every snowy fold,  
And guiding every mazy tread.  
And when I lead the hymning choir,  
Thy spirit still unseen and free  
Hovers between my lip and lyre,  
And weds them into harmony.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

O mihi quæ teneros mulcebas anxia fletus,  
Quæ teneri risûs læta sodalis eras,  
Non umbram hic, dilecta, tuam juvat usque morari?  
Non animæ tibi sum cura superstes ego?  
Nam memini, quoties sacri ad fastigia clivi  
Sera puellarem duceret hora chorum,  
Margine saltarent illæ Cassotidis undæ,  
Et canerent socios voce lyrâque modos,  
Hoc tibi erat cûræ, summa hæc et sola voluntas,  
Simplicior vestis ne foret ulla meâ,  
Ne qua lyrâ nec voce canens me suavius illic,  
Ne levior molli planta volaret humo.  
Nunc etiam, ut veneres fingant mihi quasque decenter,  
Lumina per formam sunt tua fusa meam,  
Quemque mihi celeris passûs rectura meatum,  
Quemque mihi niveum compositura sinum.  
Et tuus in sacro qui me duce tollitur hymno  
Spiritus aerii numinis instar adest,  
Et citharam medius volitans interque labellum  
Suave melos junctis elicit e numeris.



FROM HENRY VIII.

---

*Griffith.*

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely : ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

is translation obtained the Porson prize. Some important alterations  
have since been made.

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ΠΙΦ. Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὕπως οὐ τιμωτάτην φύσιν  
 ἱερεὺς ὃδ' ἔσχε, δυσγενὴς περ ὦν, ὅμως.  
 πολλῶν γὰρ ἴδρις παῖς ἔτ' ἦν μαθημάτων,  
 σοφὸς λέγειν τε πιθανὸς, ὥς οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ  
 τοῖς μὴ φιλοῦσι δυσπροσήγορος, πικρὸς,  
 τοῖς δ' εὐμενῶς ἔχουσιν ἡδίῳν θέρους·  
 λαβεῖν μὲν οὖν ἀπληστος, (οὐ τόδ' ἤνεσα)  
 δοῦναί γε μέντοι καὶ μάλ' ἀφθόνῳ χερὶ  
 πρόθυμος ἦν, δέσπωινα. Μάρτυρας δ' ἐγὼ  
 Ὀξωνίαν καλοῖμ' ἄν' Ἰψοῦκόν τ', ἐν αἷς  
 κατ' ἴκισ' οὗτος διπτύχους Μουσῶν ἔδρας·  
 ὦν ἡ μὲν αὐτῷ ξυμμέτρως διώλετο,  
 οὐ γὰρ λελεῖφθαι τοῦ κτίσαντος ἠθελεν·  
 ἡ δ', ἐνδεὴς περ τῆς τελεσφόρου χερὸς,  
 εἰς τοῦτο κύδους καὶ τέχνης ἐλήλυθε,  
 καὶ δὴ τοσοῦτον αὖξεται καθ' ἡμέραν,  
 ὥστ' ἄσεταιί νιν γαῖα πᾶσ' εὐεργετήν.  
 ἐν φ' δ' ἐπιπτε, πλείστ' ἂν ὀλβίζοιμ', ἐπεὶ  
 ἔγνω τότ' αὐτὸς αὐτὸν, οὐκ εἰδὼς πάρος,

And found the blessedness of being little :  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Katharine.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !—

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### PSALM CIV.

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1. PRAISE the Lord, O my soul : O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious ; thou art clothed with majesty and honour.

2. Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment, and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain.

3. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

εὐρέν θ' ὅποιον κτήμα τὸ σμικρὰ φρονεῖν  
 μείζω δὲ τιμὴν ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπου δόσιν  
 γῆρας προσήψεν· ἔσεβε γὰρ θνήσκων Θεόν.

ΞΑΘ. τοιόσδε μοι γένοιτο τῶν πεπραγμένων  
 κῆρυξ θανούσης, τῆς ἐμῆς δόξης φύλαξ,  
 σοί γ' ἐξ ὁμοίου πιστὸν ἀψευδὲς στόμα.  
 ὃν γάρ ποτ' εἶχον ζῶντ' ἐν ἐχθίστοις, σύ με  
 τὰ σώφρον' εἰπὼν καὶ δίκαι' ἠνάγκασας  
 τιμᾶν τεθνηκότ'. ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ πράξειεν εὖ.

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THE SAME TRANSLATED.

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Cor meum, lauda Dominum. Quis Ejus  
 Digna mortalis scit honore fari?  
 Summa majestas Dominum, perennis  
 Gloria cingit.

Luce vestiris, Deus : ante vultum  
 Tendis immensi cava templa cœli;  
 Et trabes ipsas penetralium sus-  
 pendis in undâ.

4. He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire.

5. He laid the foundations of the earth, that it never should move at any time.

6. Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment: the waters stand in the hills.

7. At thy rebuke they flee; at the voice of thy thunder they are afraid.

8. They go up as high as the hills, and down to the valleys beneath, even unto the place which thou hast appointed for them.

9. Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass, neither turn again to cover the earth.

10. He sendeth the springs into the rivers, which run among the hills.

11. All beasts of the field drink thereof, and the wild asses quench their thirst.

12. Beside them shall the fowls of the air have their habitation, and sing among the branches.

Nubibus lectis facit Ille currum ;  
 Flaminum passim spatiat alis :  
 Spiritus mandata ferunt ; coruscant  
 Igne ministri.

Firma sit terræ stabilisque sedes,  
 Dixit ; et firmo stabilita fundo est ;  
 Æquor innavit placidum ; stetere in  
 Collibus undæ :

Sin es iratus, fugiunt ; pavescunt,  
 Fulminat cum vox tua ; te jubente,  
 Montium scandunt apices, vel imâ in  
 Valle residunt.

His tamen certos dedit esse fines,  
 Ut super terram nequeant reverti :  
 Fontibus pascit fluvios, jubetque  
 Murmure leni

Ire per campos, pecori atque onagris  
 Utilem potum ; prope quos volucrum  
 Saltet in ramis chorus, impleatque  
 Carmine sylvam.

13. He watereth the hills from above ; the earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.

14. He bringeth forth grass for the cattle, and green herb for the service of men ;

15. That he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, and bread to strengthen man's heart.

16. The trees of the Lord also are full of sap, even the cedars of Libanus which he hath planted,

17. Wherein the birds make their nests : and the fir-trees are a dwelling for the stork.

18. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ; and so are the stony rocks for the conies.

19. He appointed the moon for certain seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down.

20. Thou makest darkness that it may be night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move.

21. The lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God.

•

Mittit in colles pluviam superne ;  
 Conserit terram locuplete fructu ;  
 Gramen armentis, hominique mollem  
                   Procreat herbam :

Unde fert nobis alimenta tellus ;  
 Roborat pectus cerealis esca,  
 Vina cor lætum, nitidosque vultus  
                   Præbet oliva.

Arborem succo Deus implet omnem,  
 Et cedros quas in Libano locavit :  
 Alites illic habitant ; in altâ  
                   Abiete nidos

Ardeæ ponunt ; caper asperis in  
 Montibus, sub rupe cuniculorum  
 Delitent cœtus. Facit Ille certa  
                   Tempora lunæ,

Utque sol jussâ requiescat horâ :  
 Efficit noctis tenebras ; feræque  
 Exeunt lustris ; fremit ore proles  
                   Sæva leonum,



22. The sun ariseth, and they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens.

23. Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening.

24. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.

25. So is the great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26. There go the ships, and there is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his pastime therein.

27. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them meat in due season.

28. When thou givest it them they gather it; and when thou openest thy hand they are filled with good.

29. When thou hidest thy face they are troubled; when thou takest away their breath they die, and are turned again to their dust.

30. When thou lettest thy breath go forth they shall be made: and thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Et cibum pascit Dominum : sed illi  
 Mane se condunt latebris ; laborans  
 Perstat humanum genus usque seram ad  
 Vesperis horam.

Quis tuæ dicat monumenta dextræ,  
 O Deus, rerum Pater Artifexque  
 Providens ? Tellus operum tuorum  
 Et mare plenum.

Quis sub undoso numeret profundo  
 Piscium gentes ? Ibi vela celsæ  
 Explicant naves ; ibi magna volvunt  
 Corpora cete :

Illa Pastori Tibi fisa ludunt ;  
 Quam paravisti potiuntur escâ ;  
 Tu manum tendas, ea dives implet  
 Copia manans :

Occulas vultum, capit illa mœror ;  
 Spiritum tollas, periire letho :  
 Cuncta Tu spirans renovas per orbem,  
 Gignis, et auges.

31. The glorious Majesty of the Lord shall endure for ever : the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

32. The earth shall tremble at the look of him : if he do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.

33. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ; I will praise my God while I have my being.

34. And so shall my words please him : my joy shall be in the Lord.

35. As for sinners, they shall be consumed out of the earth, and the ungodly shall come to an end. Praise thou the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord.

---

Regnat æternum Deus, et creati  
Luce lætatur facieque mundi :  
Ejus aspectu tremit icta tellus ;  
Culmina tangat

Montium, fumant. Ego nomen altum  
Usque, dum vivam, Domini sonabo ;  
Concinam lætus ; Dominoque nostra  
Verba placebunt.

At scelestorum male gens peribit,  
Finis in terris erit impiorum :  
Cor meum, lauda Dominum ; perenne  
Numen adora.

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FROM HENRY VIII.

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Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
These many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me : and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours ?

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Βέβηκε τοῦμόν εὐτυχὲς, βέβηκέ μοι.  
 θνητοῦ γὰρ ἦδε μοῖρα· πρῶτον ἐλπίδος  
 φύλλ' ἀβρὰ φύσας, δευτέρην καθ' ἡμέραν  
 χρυσαῖσιν αὐγαῖς ἀνθέων πυκάζεται·  
 κρύος δὲ δὴ τριταῖον, ὀλέθριον κρύος,  
 ἐπῆλθε· κακείνος μὲν, εὐήθης ἀνὴρ,  
 πέποιθεν αὐτῷ πλούτον ἀκμάζειν· τὸ δὲ  
 ῥίζαν διέφθειρ', εἶτα δ' οἱ ἐγὼ πίνει.  
 ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐν τόσωνδε περιτροπαῖς θερῶν,  
 παῖς ὡς ἐπ' ἀσκῶν κουφόνους φορούμενος,  
 κλέους ἔπλευσα πέλαγος, οὐδ' ἐφρόντισα  
 μακρὰν προβαίνων ξυμμέτρου βάθους πέρα.  
 διαρῥαγὲν δ' ὄγκωμ' ὑπέρφρονος τύχης  
 χρόνῳ γεραίον μ' ἔλιπε καὶ κεκμηκότα,  
 ρεῖθρου σαλεύειν ἀγρίου πρὸς ἡδονήν,  
 ὃ χρὴ καλύψαι τοῦμόν εἰσαεὶ κάρα.  
 ὡς νῦν κενὸν κόμπασμα καὶ κλέος βροτῶν  
 στυγῶ, διδαχθεῖς ὅψ' ἐ γοῦν τὸ σωφρονεῖν·  
 ὥκτειρα δ', ὅστις βασιλέων θηρᾷ χάριν

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

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TRANSLATION FROM THE ŒDIPUS REX  
 OF SOPHOCLES.

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What man is he, whom prophet-tongued Parnassus  
 doth proclaim  
 The author of the bloody deed, too terrible to name?  
 'Twere time to flee more rapidly than coursers of the  
 wind,  
 For on him rushes lightning-arm'd dread Phoebus  
 and behind  
 Relentless Fates are following! From Delphi's snow-  
 peak  
 A warning voice hath burst on all, "The hidden on  
 to seek!"

μῶρος· φίλων γὰρ ὧν ἐρᾷ γελασμάτων  
 τέλος μὲν ἄτη, δειμάτων δ' ἔχει πλεόν  
 ἢ πόλεμος ἢ γυναῖκες οὖν μέσφ' χρόνος·  
 πεσὼν δ' ἀνελπισ, Φωσφόρου δίκην, ἔβη.

---

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THE SAME.

---

Quem vox sacrorum præscia collium  
 Infanda dextrâ nūnciat impiâ  
 Patrâsse? Nunc prævertat ille  
 Alipedem fugiens procellam.

Jam jam corusci fulguris impetu  
 Illi Tonantis filius insilit  
 Armatus; et diræ sequuntur  
 Passibus haud dubiis Sorores.

Clamat nivoso e culmine Delphica  
 Rupes: Nocentem quærite, quærite:  
 Nunc antra desertasque rupes  
 Et tacitæ nemorosa sylvæ,



O'er rock and cave and wilderness he wanders sorrowful,  
 As roams in exile from the herd some solitary bull :  
 Those central powers oracular he cannot shun, for they  
 With never-flagging energy still hover round the prey.

---

---

FROM MACBETH.

---

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
 thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still :  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Ceu taurus exul, tristis obambulat ;  
 Vocemque frustra sperat Apollinis  
 Vitare, quæ circum minaci  
 Imminet irrequieta pennâ.

---

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Ἡ φάσγανον πάροιθεν ὀμμάτων τόδε;  
 κώπη πρόχειρος ἦδε μοι; μάρψωμεν οὖν.  
 οὐ δῆτ' ἔχω σε, καίπερ εἰσορῶν ἔτι·  
 ἄρ' οὐχὶ, φάσμα λυγρὸν, ἄπτεσθαί σεθεν  
 ἔξεστιν, ὥσπερ ὄμμασιν δεδορκεῖναι;  
 ἢ δόξα μῦνον ἦσθα καὶ γέννημά τι  
 ὄνειρόφαντον τῆς ἀλνούσης φρενός;  
 καίτοι τὸ σὸν μόρφωμ' ἐναργὲς ὧδέ μοι  
 ὅμοια τῷ νῦν σπωμένῳ προφαίνεται·  
 σύ μοι πρόδεικνυς ἦν περ ἐστάλην ὁδὸν,  
 τοίφ' τ' ἔμελλον ἄρα χρήσασθαι βέλει.  
 ἢ σῶμα πρὸς τᾷ ὅμμα μωρίαν ὄφλει,  
 ἢ παντός ἐστιν ἄξιον. βλέπω σε μὴν,  
 κώπη τε καὶ κνώδουσιν αἵματόρρυντοι

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleeper ; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd Murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives ;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

---

θρόμβοι πρόσσεισιν, οὔτερ οὐκ ἦσαν πάρος.  
 μέμνηνα. φονίων πλάσματ' ἦν βουλευμάτων.  
 σχεδόν τι πάνθ' ὅμοια τοῖς τεθνηκόσι  
 τὰ χθόνια κείται, κακὰ δὲ τοὺς κοιμωμένους  
 ὄνειρα λυπεῖ· νῦν δὲ τῇ χλωρᾷ Θεῷ  
 μάγοι τελοῦσιν ἱερά, χῶ ξηρὸς φονεὺς,  
 λύκων ἐγερθεὶς νυκτερῶν βρυχήμασι,  
 στείχει πρὸς ἔργον, τὸν ταχύπτερον πόδα  
 σιγῇ πορεύων ὡς ἀναίματος σκιά.  
 ὦ γῆς βέβαιον ἔδαφος, εἰσάκουε μὴ  
 βαίνοντος ἵχνη τὰμὰ, μή με σοὶ λίθοι  
 βοῶντες ἔνθα τυγχάνω τὸ καίριον  
 φρικτῶδες ἀπελῶσ'. ἀλλὰ μέλλομεν τὸ δρᾶν·  
 ξῆ κείνος· ἔργῳ δ', οὐ λόγῳ, μαχητέα.  
 εἰμ' οὖν, πεπράξεται τε· κωδώνισμα γὰρ  
 λέλακε· βασιλεῦ, σοὶ δὲ μὴ κλύειν λέγω·  
 εἰς οὐρανὸν γάρ σ' ἢ τάχ' εἰς ἄδην καλεῖ.

## TRANSLATION FROM THE BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES

When the night revel-dance, Bacchus, shall I share,  
Barefoot leap, toss my neck in the dewy air ;

Like a deer young and gay  
From the lawn chased away,  
When the toils spread around  
She hath clear'd with a bound,  
Still with dogs and halloo  
The fierce hunters pursue ;

All by the river-side like a storm she flies,  
For the deep wilderness, for the desert hies ?

Who his foe vanquishes, he is blest indeed,  
He is wise, God-beloved : sweet is honour's meed.

The Gods are slow to wrath,  
Yet swerve not from their path ;  
With vengeance ever sure  
They track the evil-doer,  
The impious, the insane,  
Who dares their power disdain :

Oft in long ambush hid wily snares they lay,  
*But at length*, soon or late, circumvent the prey.

## THE SAME.

O quam mox pede candido  
 Nocturnis saliam Mænas in orgiis,  
 Jactans roscidum in æthera  
 Cervicem; veluti pulsa virentibus

Mollis damula pascuis,  
 Circumjecta super cum levis arduo  
 Saltu retia fugerit;  
 At clamore canes urgeat insequens

Venator; ruat illa vi  
 Ventorum citior per cava vallium,  
 Et spissâ nemorum comâ  
 Desertisque volans gaudeat aviis?

Hoc orem Superos; nihil  
 Hôc majus dederint, quam caput hosticum  
 Victrici ut teneam manu:  
 Virtutis merito nil pretiosius.

Segnes, at memores tamen  
 Irarum Superi; serius ocyus  
 Ultiores caput impium  
 Captant insidiis, supplicio premunt.

Do not thou deem thyself wiser than the laws ;  
 From the great God they flow, from th' Almighty Cause.

It costs not much to fear,  
 To honour and revere,  
 What custom hath received,  
 What man hath aye believed,  
 Whate'er his essence be,  
 The name of Deity.

Who his foe vanquishes, he is blest indeed,  
 He is wise, God-beloved : sweet is honour's meed.

Blest is he, who escaped from a troubled sea,  
 Gains the port, after toil finds security.

The fates to human kind  
 Have different dooms assign'd  
 Some stand, while others fall :  
 Yet hope remains to all,  
 Which oft success portends,  
 Oft in delusion ends :

But of all happiness, his the most I praise,  
 Who can win present joy from the passing days.

---

Divis credere tutius :  
Numen, quicquid id est, sæcla per omnia  
Lex naturaque consecrat :  
His parere decet ; plus sapere est furor.

Felix, post mare turbidum  
Quem portus recipit, quem recreat quies  
Victis grata laboribus.  
Est ut sorte bonâ vir superet virum ;

At spes usque oriens nova  
Nunc fructus habeat, nunc cadat irrita :  
Cunctis ille beatior,  
Cui jucundi aliquid quæque ferat dies.

---




## FROM MACBETH.

*Old M.* Three score and ten I can remember well ;  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it ?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
E'en like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange as  
certain,)  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,



## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

ΓΕΡ. Ἐγὼ μὲν ἐξήκοντα καὶ δέχ' ἡλίου  
 τροπὰς κατείδον, δεινὰ τ' ἐν μέσῳ χρόνῳ  
 θαύμαστά τ' ἔργα · τήνδε δ' εὐφρόνην πάρα  
 ἅπαντα τᾶλλα λήρος.

ῬΟΣΣ. Οὐχ ὀράς, γέρον,  
 ἃ νῦν ταραχθεὶς φοινίῳ βροτῶν γένει  
 αἰθὴρ ἀπειλεῖ ; νύξ γὰρ ἐν μεσημβρίᾳ  
 μέλαιν' ἀπάγχει τὴν ὁδοπόρον φλόγα.  
 ἦ νύξ κρατεῖ τόδ' ; ἦ πρόσωπον ἡμέρας  
 αἰδὼς σκότῳ ῥύμβενυσεν, εὐτέ νιν κύσαι  
 προσήκεν ἀγνὸν φῶς ;

ΓΕΡ. Ὑπερφνὴ μὲν οὖν,  
 ὅμοια τοῖς πραχθεῖσι. καί τιν' ἄρτι δὴ  
 κίρκον μέσον κατ' αἰθέρ' αἰωρούμενον  
 γλαυῆς εὐτελὲς μάρψας ὄνυξιν ὤλεσεν.

ῬΟΣΣ. πῶλοί τ' ἀνακτος, (οὐδ' ἀπιστήσαι σε χρὴ,)  
 καλοὶ, ποδάρκεις, ἄνθος ἔκκριτον γένους,  
 ἕξω σταθμῶν ἐρρήξαν ἡγριωμένοι,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they ate each other.

*Rosse.* They did so ; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
'That look'd upon 't.

---

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FROM WORDSWORTH.

---

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds,  
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;  
Up with me, up with me into the clouds,  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing ;  
Lift me, guide me, till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind !  
I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary ;  
Had I now the wings of a fairy,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy divine  
In that song of thine ;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

ὀργῇ τ' ἐχώρουν πρὸς βίαν πειθαρχίας,  
ὥσπερ ξὺν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄψοντες μάχην.

ΓΕΡ. Λέγουσι δ' ὡς φάγοιεν ἀλλήλους.

ῬΟΣΣ. Ἐγὼ  
φάγοντας εἶδον, καὶ κατέπτησσαν φόβῳ.

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THE SAME TRANSLATED.

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Mecum scande volans cærulea nubium ;  
Magnâ voce canens, usque canens vola !  
Duc me, suavis alaunda,  
Cœlum carmine personans,  
Dum visam, tibi qui sic placeat, locum.  
Jam deserta diu tristia permeo ;  
Ægrum cor mihi languet :  
At si quis mihi cœlitum  
Pennas indueret, me tibi jungerem.  
Nam dulcis furor est cantibus in tuis !  
Duc me, duc ubi cœlum  
Purâ te recreat dape.

**Joyous as morning,**

Thou art laughing and scorning ;  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest ;  
And though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken lark ! thou wouldst be loth  
To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,  
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver !  
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must win  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day  
is done.

---

Aurorâ levior, lætior ebrio  
 Cum risu volitas : sed placidus tibi  
     Est cum conjuge nidus :  
     Nolles quas ego prosequi

Errabunda vias, strenua quamlibet.  
 Felix ! montivago flumine fortior,  
     Gratas omnipotenti  
     Laudes rite canis Deo.

Felices ego sim tuque ! Sed asperos  
 Per dumos mihi, per squalida pulvere  
     Et spinosa vagandum :  
     Esto : te tamen audiens,

Te cœtusque tuos, par tibi gaudium  
 Sumam, tollam animum liber in æthera ;  
     Vitæ spe melioris,  
     Hujus tædia perferam.

---

FROM RICHARD III.

---

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?  
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought ;  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised ?  
Who spake of brotherhood ? who spake of love ?  
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?  
Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,  
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king ?*  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments ; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Ἄρ' οὖν καταγνοὺς τοῦ κασιγνητοῦ θανεῖν,  
 ἔπειτα δούλοις ἀνδράσιν ξυγγνώσομαι ;  
 ἀδελφὸς οὐμὸς οὐδέν' ἔκτεινεν βροτῶν,  
 βουλῶν δ' ἄποινα, θάνατον ἤντλησεν πικρόν·  
 καὶ μὴν ἐκείνου τίς μ' ἐδεῖθ' ὕπερ ; τίς ἦν  
 ὁ νουθετήσας γονυπετῆς θυμούμενον,  
 φύσιν ξύναιμον καὶ φιλόφρονας τρόπους  
 φράζων ; τίς εἶπεν, ὥς ὁ δυσδαίμων ἀνὴρ,  
 μέγαν στρατηγὸν πενθερόν θ' αὐτοῦ λιπών,  
 ἐμοὶ ξυνέμαχισ' ; οἶά μ' Ἀρέος ἐν κλόνῳ  
 κείνος πεσόντ' ἐρρύσατ', ἔκ τ' ἠΐδης ἔπος,  
 ζῇ καὶ τυράννευ, ὃ κασιγνητὸν κára ;  
 τίς εἶφ', ὑπαιθρίοισιν ὥς ἐκείμεθον  
 πάγοισιν ἡμιβνῆθ', ὁ δ' ἀμπισχὼν ἐμὲ  
 τοῖς οἷσι πέπλοισι, εἴτα γυμνωθὲν δέμας  
 αὐτὸν παρέσχε νυκτὸς ἀτηρῷ κρύει ;  
 ἦδειν τάδ'· ὀργῇ δ' ἡγριωμένος τότε  
 κακῶς διώλεσ'· οὐδ' ἄρ' εἰς ὑμῶν ἐμοῦ  
 οὕτως ἐκῆδεθ', ὥστ' ἀναμνήσαι πάλιν  
 ἀλλ' οἰκετῶν γ' ἐπεὶ τις ἦ διακόνων



Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced  
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;  
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :  
 But for my brother not a man would speak,  
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself  
 For him, poor soul !—The proudest of you all  
 Have been beholden to him in his life ;  
 Yet not a man would once plead for his life.  
 O God ! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
 On me, and mine, and you, and yours for this.

---

---

FROM BYRON.

---

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.

ἔριν πάροιον ὕβρις', αὐτούργῃ χερὶ  
 θείρας Θεοῦ Σωτήρος εἰκαστὸν δέμας,  
 οὐσπίπτει', ἀναβοᾷτε σύγγνοιάν μ' ἔχειν,  
 ἐγὼ ξυνέγων, ἄδικα μὲν, πεισθεὶς δ' ὅμως.  
 γερ' δ' ἀδελφοῦ φθόγγον οὐδέν' ἦν κλύειν·  
 ἄλ' οὐδ' ἐν οἴκῳ προὔθεμην τλήμων ἐγὼ  
 ἐν οἴκῳ πάσχοντ'· ὅστις, ὅν γ' ἔζη χρόνον,  
 ὥς ἐν πόλει πρώτοιςιν ἦν εὐεργετής,  
 ἡγήγορον δ' οὐχ εὔρε τοῦ σῶσαι βίον.  
 εὔ, φεῦ· μέτεισι δὴ τις ἐκ Θεοῦ δίκη  
 ράξαντας ἡμᾶς ταῦτα, πᾶν θ' ἡμῶν γένος.

---

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Tuum labellis hæret impressum meis,  
 Dilecta virgo, basium ;  
 Hærebit usque, donec intactum tibi  
 Reddat dies felicior.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
An equal love may see ;  
The tear, that from thine eyelid streams,  
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
In gazing when alone,  
Nor one memorial for a breast,  
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write ; to tell the tale  
My pen were doubly weak ;  
Oh ! what can idle words avail,  
Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
That heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And silent ache for thee.

---

Abitura vultu me benigno conspicias  
Amans amantem non minus ;  
Caditque ocello lachryma ; sed nunquam, fides  
Quod nostra mutetur, cadet.

Haud pignus ullum, cujus aspectu fruar  
Te solus amissâ, rogo :  
Haud quærit anima nostra monumentum tui,  
Quæ tota de te cogitat.

Scriptisne tecum vis loquamur literis ?  
At calamus impotens foret.  
Nam verba quid me juverint inania,  
Ni possit ipsum cor loqui ?

Necesse, fato quicquid accidat novi,  
Noctes diesque cor meum  
Lugere, amorem dum silentio premat,  
Frustraque te desideret.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

1. By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.

2. As for our harps, we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein.

3. For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody, in our heaviness : Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

4. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

5. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

6. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

7. Remember the children of Edom, O Lord, in the day of Jerusalem, how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.

8. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery ; yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us.

9. Blessed be he that taketh thy children, and throweth them against the stones.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Βαβυλῶνος ἐν βήσσαισι ναμάτων πέλας ·  
 κλαίοντες ἐζόμεσθα, σοῦ φίλη Σίων  
 μεμνημένοι· λύραι δὲ πλησίων ἀπὸ  
 δενδρῶν ἐκρήμναντ'· οἱ δ' ἐλόντες ἤθελον  
 μέλποντας ἡμᾶς δουλίῳ περ ἐν ζυγῷ  
 βαρέας ἀκούσαι· “Τῶν Σίωνος ἄδετε  
 μολπῶν τιν',” εἶπον· ἀλλὰ πῶς τολμῶμεν ἂν  
 ᾄσαι μέλος τὸ θεῖον ἐν ξένη χθονί;  
 εἰ γὰρ λαθοίμην πάτρις ὧ φίλη σέθεν,  
 ἢ δεξιὰ λάθοιτο τῶν αὐτῆς τεχνῶν·  
 καὶ γλῶσσ' ἐπ' ἄκρῳ στόματι προσκολλῶτό μοι,  
 εἴ πού τι χάρμα τὸν σὸν ἐξέλοι πόθον·  
 ἀλλ' ὧ Θεὸς μέμνησ' Ἰδυμαῖον λεὼν,  
 ὥς εἶπον ἡμῶν εἰς πόλιν, “Πορθεῖτέ νιν,  
 πανώλεθρον πορθεῖτε.” καὶ σύ που φθινεῖς  
 νόσοισι, Βαβυλῶν, καὶ μάλ' εὐδαίμων ἔφυ,  
 ὃς τῶν τόθ' ἡμᾶς τίsetαί σ' εἰργασμένων,  
 ἢ καὶ σὰ ρίψας τέκνα προσκρούσει πέτραις.

FROM MOORE.

---

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them ;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED:

---

Restas ultima suavium rosarum  
Quas æstas genuit, perisse mœrens  
Horti delicias, tuæque gentis  
Florem non superesse flosculumve  
Ullum, qui rubeat rubente tecum  
Aut suspiria reddat aut odores.

Infelix ! ego in arbore interire  
Solam non patiar : jacebis inter  
Pulchras quæ prope dormiunt sorores :  
Illarum folia indecora circa  
Putrescunt ; tua nunc manu benignâ  
Decerpens placidum in cubile fundo.



So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away :  
 When true hearts lie wither'd  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh, who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone ?

---

### FROM RICHARD III.

---

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :  
 If, not to answer,—you might haply think,  
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Sic, cum suavis amantium corona  
 Languescet mihi decidentque gemmæ,  
 Amissos mihi subsequi sodales  
 Quamprimum liceat! Quis optet esse  
 Caris atque fidelibus superstes  
 Et tristem hunc habitare solus orbem?

---

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Οὐκ οἶδα πότερα σὶγ' ἀπαλλάξαι πόδα,  
 ἢ τοὺς παρόντας πίκρ' ὀνειδίζειν ἔπη,  
 πρέπον τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς ἔστ' ἐμοῦ τ' ἐπάξιον.  
 τὸ μὲν γὰρ—εἰ χρὴ μὴδὲν ἀντειπεῖν—τάχ' ἂν  
 φιλοτιμίᾳ δόξαιμ' ἐπεστομισμένος  
 ζυγὸν δέχεσθαι χρύσεον μοναρχίας,  
 ᾧ σπεύδεται ἀμαθία με περιβαλεῖν κᾶρα.  
 ἦν δ' ἐξελέγξω τάσδε τὰς ὑμῶν λιτὰς  
 πρόσχημ' ἐχούσας εὐμενῶν θωπευμάτων,  
 φήσει μέ τις φίλοισι μέμφεσθαι λίαν.

Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—  
Definitively thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As my ripe revenue and due of birth ;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
(Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,)  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;  
(And much I need to help you, if need were) ;  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars,  
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

ὥς οὖν θέλοντος πάντα δὴ φυγεῖν ψόγον,  
 καὶ μήτε συγᾶν μήτ' ἐρεῖν ἀγνώμονα,  
 τάδ' ἀντακούεθ' ὥς διαρρήδην λέγω.  
 χάριν μὲν ὑμῖν οἶδα τῆς προθυμίας,  
 ἀνάξιος δ' ὢν δωρεὰς ὀκνῶ λαβεῖν·  
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἰ καὶ μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν ἔτ' ἦν,  
 τὸ μὴ οὐχ ἰκέσθαι τὴν τυραννικὴν ἔδραν,  
 κτήσιν δικαίαν καὶ προσήκουσαν γένει,  
 οὕτω ταπεινός εἰμι τῷ φρονήματι,  
 οὕτω δὲ σοφίας καρετῆς λελειμμένος,  
 ὥσθ' εἰλόμην ἂν μᾶλλον ἐκστῆναι τύχης,  
 (πόντον γὰρ εὐρὺν πλεῖν ἔφυν ἀμήχανος,)·  
 ἢ λαμπρὰ νῦν μὲν σχεῖν, ἔπειτα δὲ σκότον,  
 κλέους τ' ἐν ἀτμῷ πνικτὸς ἐξολωλέναι.  
 ἀλλ' οὕτ' ἐμοῦ δεῖσθ', ἐν Θεῷ πράσσοντες εὔ,  
 οὕτ', εἰ δέοισθε, πόλλ' ἂν ὠφελοῖμ' ἐγώ.  
 δένδρου γὰρ ἤδη βλαστάνων τυραννικοῦ  
 καρπὸς πέφυχ' ὅμοιος, ὃς χρόνῳ πέπων  
 θρόνων πατρώων ἄξιος γενήσεται,  
 ἡμῖν τ' ἀνάσσειν ὄλβιον στήσει βίον.  
 τούτῳ δίδωμι πάνθ' ἃ νῦν ὑμεῖς ἐμοί·  
 κείνου γὰρ ἔστι μακαρίας τύχης δόσει·  
 γνώμης δ' ἔχοιμι μήποθ' ὥς ἀποστερῶν.

PSALM C.

---

1. O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

2. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name :

4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting : and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Omnes Terræ jubilate,  
Læti Deum adore,  
Cumque cantu festinate  
In conspectum Domini.

Dominum scitote Deum  
Nobis esse, solum eum ;  
Deus est qui nos creavit ;  
Sumus illi, quos curavit,  
Pecus atque populi.

Ejus ante portam state,  
Ejus curias intrate ;  
Nomen ejus collaudate ;  
Redditote gratias.

Namque Deus laude dignus,  
Semper clemens et benignus,  
Sævus vindex peccatorum ;  
Inque sæcla sæculorum  
Durat ejus veritas.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

---

How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was !  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—  
What halloing, and what stir is this to-day ?  
These are my mates that make their wills their law  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase :  
They love me well, yet I have much to do  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Ὡς τὸ ξυνηθὲς ἐν βροτοῖς τίκτει νόμους·  
 ὕλην ἔρημον τήνδε καὶ δρυμῶν σκιὰν  
 ἐγώ γε πόλεων μᾶλλον εὐάνδρων φιλῶ.  
 ἐνταῦθ' ἀποπτος ὁμμάτων ἡμαι μόνος,  
 ἀηδόνος τε πενθίμῳ μελωδίᾳ  
 ξύμφωνος ᾄδω κάποδύρομαι πάθῃ·  
 ὦ τῆς ἐμῆς οἰκοῦσα καρδίας μυχοῦς,  
 μὴ δαρὸν οὕτω δῶμ' ἀοίκητον λίπῃς,  
 μή πως ὄληται πρεμνόθεν σαθρὸν γεγῶς,  
 καὶ τοῦ πρὶν ὄντος πᾶν αἰστωθῇ τέκμαρ.  
 ὦ πότνια, σῇ με κούφισον παρουσίᾳ,  
 οἴκτειρ' ἐραστὴν Σιλβία δυσδαίμονα.  
 ἔα. τίνος βοῆς ἤκουσα καὶ ποδῶν κτύπον;  
 ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος τῶν ἐμῶν ὀπαόνων  
 ὁδοιπόρον τιν' ἄθλιον διωκάθει.  
 εἴ τοι φιλοῦσί μ', ἀλλ' ἐμοίγ' οὐ ράδιον  
 τούτων βιαίαν ἔστ' ἐρητύνειν ὕβριν.



## FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

---

So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glory where he sat ;  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through heaven. Forth rush'd with whirl  
wind sound  
The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each  
Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes ; with eyes the wheels  
Of beryl, and careering fires between.  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended ; at his right hand Victory  
Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow,  
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored ;  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Dixit; et a dextrâ, nutans in sceptrâ, paternâ,  
 (Illi quæ sedes, quæ gloria summa,) resurgit.  
 Tertia jamque dies apparuit aurea cœlo  
 Exoriens: simul ingenti quasi turbinis exit  
 Cum sonitu Patris currus; quem vivida circum  
 Flamma micat, creberque rotarum volvitur axis  
 Orbibus impediens orbes; nec spiritus ipsi  
 Defuit; æthereæ tamen hunc traxere figuræ  
 Quatuor, aspectu miræ, quibus ora quaterna,  
 Et cujusque oculis distinctum et corpus et alæ  
 Sidereis: ornant oculi spatia ampla rotarum  
 Beryllo similes, atque intercursitat ignis.  
 At supera caput impendens crystallinus æther  
 Sapphiro rutilum et puro tenet intertextum  
 Electro solium, pluviique coloribus arcûs.  
 Filius, effulgens Urimi præstantibus armis,  
 Tegmine divino, ascendit. Victoria dextrâ  
 Explicuit pennas, aquilæ surgentis ad instar;  
 Post humeros arcus pendet, trifidisque pharetra  
 Fulminibus gravis; at circum violentia fumi,  
 Nictans flamma volat scintillarumque procella.

## FROM MILTON'S COMUS.

*Comus.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus

*Lady.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-usherin  
guides?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendl  
spring.

*Comus.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed quic  
return.

*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Comus.* Imports their loss, besides the present need?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox  
In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat:  
I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

- ΚΩΜ. Γύναι, τί ταύτην σ' ἦγεν εἰς ἐρημίαν ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Σκότος κνέφαιον πολύκομοί θ' ὕλης πτυχαί.  
 ΚΩΜ. Ἡ ταυτ' ὀπαδῶν πλησίων σ' ἐνόσφισεν ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Ἐλειπον ἐν πόᾳ με κάμπτουσαν γόνυ.  
 ΚΩΜ. Ψεύδοντες, ἢ ᾠμελοῦντες, ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Ζητοῦντες ἐν νάπαισι πηγαίου ρέος.  
 ΚΩΜ. Καθ' ὧδ' ἀφρακτον προὔλιπον τὸ σὸν δέμας ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Δύ' ὄντε, καὶ μέλλοντε νοστήσειν ταχύ.  
 ΚΩΜ. Ἡπου φθάσασα νῦξ ἐκώλυσεν μολεῖν ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Ὡς ῥάδιόν γε τοῦμὸν εἰκάσαι πάθος.  
 ΚΩΜ. Μέλει τι γάρ σοι, τῆς γε νῦν χρείας πέρα ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Πῶς δ' οὐκ, ἀδελφοῖν εἴ γ' ἐμοῖν στερήσομαι ;  
 ΚΩΜ. Ἡβης τίν' ἀκμὴν ἔχετον ; ἄνδρες ἢ νέοι ;  
 ΓΥΝ. Ἀχρουν γενειάδ', οὐ τεθυγμένην ξυρῶ.  
 ΚΩΜ. Τοιῶδ' ἐδέρχθην, εὔτε ταῦρος ἐργάτης  
 ἀνειμέναις σείραισιν ἐξ ὄγμου παρῆν,  
 καμῶν τε δόρπῳ γάπονος παρέζετο.  
 εἶδόν σφε χλωρᾶς ἀμπέλου σκιᾶς ὕπο,  
 ἢ τοῦ ταπείνου πλευρ' ἀνερπύζει πάγου,  
 βότρυν πεπεύρας ἐκ κλάδων καρπουμένους.

TE DEUM.

---

We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy Glory.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Deum Deum te laudamus  
Dominumque appellamus ;  
Omnes te terrarum gentes  
Clamant, Patrem confitentes  
Sempiterni Numinis.


Te Potentiæ cœlorum,  
Mille cœtus Angelorum,  
Unâ voluntate moti  
Dominum te Sabaoti  
Sanctum Sanctum clamitant.

Omnem tu adimples mundum ;  
Cœlum tellus et profundum  
Tuâ majestate plena ;  
Omnium te cantilena  
Celebrat viventium ;

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church, throughout all the world, do  acknowledge thee :

The Father, of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man :  
thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,  
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory  
of the Father.

Agmen te Apostolorum,  
Cohors Martyrum victorum,  
Nobilisque chorus Vatum,  
Et per orbem terræ latum  
Pia vox Ecclesiæ ;

Patrem confitentes rite,  
Majestatis infinitæ,  
Verum illum unicumque  
Tui Natum, Spiritumque  
Paracletum nominant.

Christe, rex es gloriarum,  
Patris lumen semper carum ;  
Hominem cum statuisti  
Conservare, non sprevisi  
Sinum puræ Virginis.

Dura mortis cum vicisti,  
Cœlum tu aperuisti  
Omnium piorum spei ;  
Dextrâ sedes ipse Dei  
In paternâ gloriâ.



We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us ; have mercy upon us ;

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

---

Credimus te mox venturum  
Nostrum iudicem futurum :  
Opem ergo te rogamus,  
Tuo qui redempti stamus  
Pretioso sanguine.

Fac beatis adscribamur,  
Sede sanctâ potiamur :  
Tolle, Deus, et gubernâ,  
In salute sempiternâ  
Tuum tene populum.

Indies te honoramus,  
Sine fine laudem damus.  
Hodie nos tueare  
Et prohibeas peccare :  
Misereascas, Domine.

Fulgeat pro spe fidei  
Nobis lux benigna cœli :  
Tibi fisus sum, O Deus ;  
Sis tu liberator meus ;  
Noli me confundere.

# ELYSIUM.

---

Beyond the Acherontian pool  
 And gloomy realms of Pluto's rule  
     The happy soul hath come :  
 And hark, what music on the breeze ?  
 'Twas like the tune of summer-bees,  
     A myriad-floating hum.

From spirits like himself it flow'd,  
 A welcome to his blest abode,  
     That melody of sound :  
 And lo, the sky all azure clear,  
 And liquid-soft the atmosphere :  
     It is Elysian ground.

To mortals, who on earth fulfil  
 The great Olympian Father's will,  
     Are given these happy glades ;  
 Where they, from all corruption free,  
 In unrestricted liberty  
     May dwell, etherial shades.

All shrubs for them of rich perfume,  
 Amaracus and myrtle bloom,  
     And flowers of brightest hue,

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Felix paludem trans Acherontiam  
 Et regna pœnis horrida Tartari  
     Sedes ad optatas piorum et  
     Elysios venit Umbra lucos :

At vox susurrans innumerabilis  
 Adfertur aures : qualis apum solet  
     Æstiva misceri caterva, et  
     Cum strepitu glomerare carmen ;

Gratantium illi turba sodalium  
 Occurrit ingens : mollior halitus  
     Inspirat aurarum, micantque  
     Purpurei super arva cœli.

Virtute functis hic animis datur  
 Casto Deorum munere perfrui ;  
     Hic labis immunesque lethi  
     Aeriæ spatiantur Umbrae.

Flores amœnos inter et arbores  
 Errare passim est : hic et amaracus,  
     Laurique collatæque myrti  
     Dulcis odos, hyacinthinæque

The rose, the hyacinthine bell,  
 And amaranth and asphodel  
     Are ever young and new.

And silver-sparkling rivers meet,  
 Or glide with undulation sweet  
     Their verdant shores along ;  
 And echoes are in every dale  
 Of airy harp and nightingale  
     And babbling water-song.

There is no bound of time or place ;  
 Each spirit moves in endless space  
     Advancing as he wills :  
 The summer lightnings gleam not so,  
 As life with ever varying flow  
     The tender bosom thrills.

And memory is unmixt with pain,  
 Though consciousness they still retain  
     Of joys they left behind :  
 Whate'er on earth they held most dear,  
 To pure enjoyment hallow'd here  
     In golden dream they find.

Suffusa multâ luce rosaria ;  
 Sparsimque pratis asphodeli calyx  
     Effulget, æternique rore  
     Se recreans amaranthus ævi.

Argenteorum leniter amnium  
 Labuntur oras ad virides aquæ ;  
     Auditur occulto recessu  
     Unda cadens, aviumque cantus,

Et mota blando chorda Favonio.  
 Haud finis ullus temporis aut loci ;  
     Utcunque mutavere sedes,  
     Arva patent vacuique campi.

Et tædiorum gens ea nescii :  
 Æstiva non tam fulgura luserint,  
     Quam vita pertentat beatos  
     Perpetuâ vice gaudiorum.

Impune mentes præteritum movet,  
 Et sæpe dulci ludit imagine,  
     Ut si quid in terris amâssent  
     Sanctius et melius resurgat.

The pilgrim oft by whispering trees  
 Hath stretcht his weary limbs at ease  
     And laid his burden down :  
 The reaping-man hath dropt his scythe,  
 Around him gather'd harvests blithe  
     The field with plenty crown.

The warrior-chief in soft repose  
 Bethinks him of his vanquish'd foes,  
     And martial sounds begin  
 To rattle in his slumbering ear,  
 The rolling drum, the soldier's cheer,  
     And dreadful battle-din.

The lover, whom untimely fate  
 Hath sever'd from a worthy mate,  
     Expects the destin'd hour,  
 When she shall come, his bliss to share,  
 In beauty clad, divinely fair,  
     With love's immortal dower.

Meanwhile in many a vision kind  
 He sees her imaged to his mind ;  
     And for her brow he weaves  
 A mystic bridal coronel,  
 Such as no poet's tongue can tell,  
     Nor human heart conceives.

Viator altâ sub platano jacit  
Defessa longis membra laboribus;  
Et falce decisas colonus  
Lustrat opes cerealis agri.

Dormit quieti margine rivuli,  
Et gesta quondam se duce prælia  
Miratur apparere somnis  
Bellipotens : oritur repente

Tumultus hastarum et litui strepor,  
Et mox phalangum ad bella ruentium  
Concursus, et sævi furores,  
Et medii fremitus duelli.

Conjux ademptus conjugis a sinu  
Expectat horam, quâ sibi, quâ suis  
Cum dote cœlesti refulgens  
Connubiis redeat puella;

Cernitque jam nunc aurea somnians,  
Qualemque vates nec cecinit, neque  
Humana concepere corda,  
Ipse parat capiti coronam.



And now the stranger with a band  
Of fond companions hand in hand  
Is led into the grove;  
And straight for his beloved he looks;  
Around the vales, the meads, the brooks,  
His eyes impatient rove :

Whom on a bank of mossy green  
Reclined he sees, by her is seen,  
And in a moment both  
Together rush, like sunbeams meet,  
And in a perfect union sweet  
Renew their early troth :

And all the fond Elysian band  
Around the pair in rapture stand,  
And songs triumphal chime :  
Oh, this is love, and life to live,  
Such joy as Hymen cannot give ;  
Soul-harmony sublime !

Videsne ? ducunt in nemus advenam

Læti sodales : ille per obvia

Vireta lucorumque flexus

Sollicitum jaciens ocellum

Quærit maritam ; quam viridi super

Ripâ jacentem protinus aspicit

Aspectus, incurritque fidos

Alter in alterius lacertos :

Ceu lymp̃ha lymphæ mobilis influit,

Et flamma flammam suetaprehendere,

Sic Umbra commiscetur Uembræ

Ut veteres renouent amores.

Ornata vittis agmina Manium .

Circumsteterunt ; et chorus incipit

Cantare, pæan mille vocum,

Mille simul resonare chordæ :

En vita felix ! en amor unicus,

Quem nescit Hymen jungere vinculo ;

Sublimis, incorrupta virtus,

Consocians animos fideles !

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

---

Creatures there are of such a piercing sight  
That can endure upon the sun to gaze,  
While others, whom the mighty sunbeams daze,  
Come not abroad but in the dim twilight :  
Others are found whom yearnings strange incite  
To feel the flame that hath such beauteous rays,  
Which coming near, they perish in the blaze :  
Of the last tribe am I, unhappy wight.  
The dazzling beauties of my lovely maid  
These weak and tearful eyes do overpower ;  
Yet still I gaze upon her ; 'tis my doom :  
Nor will I seek to screen me by the shade  
Of dusky places, or the twilight hour,  
But follow her who doth my heart consume.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

Sunt quorum ocellis visus est acerrimus,  
Solem intueri ut audeant ;  
Ast alia gens ardente radio territa  
Non prodit ante vesperem ;  
Aliisque mirus est amor viventibus  
Sentire flammæ jubar,  
Cui cum propinquant, illa fulgor enecat :  
Sum talis infelix ego.  
Nam quæ puellæ splendor e vultu micans  
Præstringit oculos debiles,  
Spectare cogit dira me necessitas ;  
Nec animus est caliginis  
Umbraculo me tegere vel crepusculo,  
Sed pectus urentem sequi.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

---

When in the virgin throng my Laura's face  
Array'd I see in loveliness divine,  
The more she seems all others to outshine,  
With firmer hold doth she my love embrace.  
Then do I bless the time, the hour, the place,  
That with such noble passion warm'd these eyne,  
And say ; My soul, a happy lot is thine,  
That worthy found thee of so high a grace :  
She did in thee the amorous thought inspire,  
Which teaches thee the greatest good to know,  
Esteeming not what other men desire ;  
She made in thee the buoyant strength to grow,  
Which heavenward guides the way, and here below  
Cheering my path in hope exalts me higher.

THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

Cum mea virgineas inter stat Laura catervas  
Eximio vestita decore,  
Quo magis excellens alias nitet, hęc magis arctā  
Me retinet complexa catenā :  
Tunc soleo laudare locum, tunc tempus et horam,  
Quæ mihi castum accenderit ignem,  
Atque animæ, Fortuna tibi faustissima, dico,  
Dignetur quæ munere tali.  
Illa tibi sensum prima inspiravit amandi,  
Summum ut scire bonum potis esses,  
Quæque aliis in honore viris contemnere nugas :  
Et virtutem increscere fecit,  
Unde mihi ad cœlum pateat via, dura ferentem  
Interea sublimis alat spes.

TRANSLATION  
FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

---

The learned of our land,  
Her tongue who understand,  
    With all their skill combine  
The structure to explore,  
And ever more and more  
    To polish and refine.

While they our outward speech  
With all its beauties teach  
    Expertly to unfold,  
Ye men of German breed,  
'Tis yours by life and deed  
    Its inward strength to mould.

'Tis yours to give the light,  
The purity, the might,  
    Which hearts alone inspire ;  
The full poetic glow,  
From which mankind may know  
    'Tis warm'd with heavenly fire.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

---

In hęc laborant nostra doctorum manus,  
    Usum ut loquendi patrium  
Lustrare possint, quęque pulchra cognitis,  
    Ornatorem reddere.  
Solerter illi dum refingendi modum  
    Sermonis externi docent,  
Firmare vos oportet, Anglorum genus,  
    Interna linguę robora ;  
Sic agere, sic sentire, voci ut influant  
    Vis, lumen, atque puritas,  
Poeticusque fervor, unde appareat  
    Quo caleat illa spiritu.



Let nothing shame you so  
 As falsehood's guileful show ;  
     Still in the right be strong :  
 Let honest German truth  
 Be planted in your youth,  
     With words of German tongue.

Use not your lips to prate  
 In amorous debate ;  
     But still in language clear  
 Your duteous thoughts express,  
 Your simple trustfulness  
     And earnest love sincere.

Lisp not in courtly phrase,  
 To soothe with empty praise  
     The proud, the vain man's ear ;  
 But speak in lofty strain,  
 Like freemen who maintain  
     The rights they hold most dear.

And when our speech improved  
 And all its faults removed  
     Shall crown your great design,  
 Ye ne'er shall speak, but they  
 Who hear your words shall say,  
     Ye breathe a voice divine.

---

Virtute fretis sit pudori maximo

Struxisse mendacem dolum ;

Et cum Britannis hæreat vocabulis

Britanna cordi veritas.

Ne garrientes cum puellarum choro

Inepta nugari juvet,

Sed fari honesto quæ quis animo sentiat

Simpliciter ac fideliter.

Ne vana balbutite quæ potentium

Subblandiantur auribus ;

Clametis altâ voce digna liberis

Qui sancta jura vindicant.

Sic vestra linguam norma cum correxerit,

Mendis remotis omnibus,

Quisquis loquentes audiet fatebitur

Vos ore divino loqui.

---

## TO CECILIA.

---

[The Lady to whom these lines are addressed is now living, together with her father, and deservedly held in high esteem by all her friends.]

---

To help the sightless Homer of our land,  
A daughter's faithful service was at hand,  
Recalling to his ear full many a page  
Of ancient wisdom and a classic age ;  
Blest maiden, who could recompense the care  
Of such a father, and his loss repair!  
Nor less, Cecilia, do we view in thee  
An image true of filial piety ;  
Whose parent through a dreary length of years  
Afflicted sore a double burden bears.  
An ear is his with cold obstruction bound,  
Dead to the world of harmony and sound ;  
Eyes lustreless, that never greet the day  
Or feel the bright effulgence of her ray :

## AD CECILIAM.



Capto lumine maximo poetæ  
Dulcem filia præstitit laborem,  
Doctam cum senis admoneret aurem  
Thesauris sapientiæ legendis.  
Felix illa, ter ampliusque felix,  
Pro multâ bonitate cui liceret  
Tali reddere gratiam parenti.  
Nec, Cecilia, tu minora patri  
Præstas officia, O fidele nobis  
Exemplar pietatis invidendæ.  
Multos jam senior laborat annos  
Ærumnâ duplici gravique damno :  
Ejus nam neque dia lux oculo  
Ostendit radium, neque ejus auri  
Ullam reddit imaginem loquela :

But for a daughter's love, the same sad gloom  
That wraps the senses would the mind entomb.  
Thou, fond one, at his side art ever near,  
His wants to aid, his solitude to cheer :  
A skill is thine, a patience nought can tire,  
By finger-speech to commune with thy sire;  
By touches light and nimble to convey  
Whatever pen could write or tongue could say.  
From silent darkness thou hast set him free ;  
Thou mak'st the deaf to hear, the blind to see.  
Thus, ere the Christian breathes his latest sigh,  
An Angel to the lopely couch draws nigh,  
There, whispering peace and comfort to the breast  
His trouble and his sorrow lulls to rest,  
And, earthly mist dispelling from the sight,  
The prospect opens of eternal light.

---

Absque te foret atque amore fido,  
Par sensus animumque nox teneret.  
Tu solatia, tu levamen ægro  
Custos et comes assidens ministras;  
Palmâ tu digitisque! miram enim artem  
Contactu varioque mobilique  
Exerces, vice functa nunc loquentis,  
Nunc lecto recitantis e libello.  
Ergo illi taciturnitas, tenebræ  
Solvuntur: sonus est in aure surdâ;  
Cæco lux patefacta. Sic suprema  
Quandocunque pio propinquat hora,  
Soli stat super angelus cubili,  
Et suavissima pectori susurrans  
Luctum et solitudinem serenat,  
Et spes erigit ad beatiores  
Pandens æthera januamque cœli.

---

## ITALIA ANTIQUA.

---

[The greater part of this Ode is taken from one which obtained the Medal at Cambridge.]

---

Lugere terram quid facit Italam ?  
 Non aura tetro polluit halitu,  
     Non bruma devastavit agros,  
     Aut nebulâ malus urget æther :

Non flos in horto, non rosa virginis  
 Pallescit ori ; spirat adhuc amor,  
     Rident et æstates serenæ  
     Et placidum sine nube cœlum :

Et sole puro et fluctibus aureis  
 Ludens ad oras Oceanus salit,  
     Fontesque non absunt loquaces  
     Nec tremuli lacuum susurri :

At mœsta terram sors premit Italam ;  
 Heroes illi in pulvere dormiunt,  
     Vatumque cessavere plectra,  
     Et liquidæ siluere voces :

Mœret virorum quod periit genus ;  
 Proles aviti nominis immemor  
     Fas ducit amplecti catenam, et  
     Otia præposuisse laudi,

Illic ubi olim Brutus, et impigri  
 Robur Camilli natum ; ubi Quintius  
     Sudabat exercens aratro  
     Jugera, fecit et alta virtus

Parvo potentem Fabricium. O pudor!  
 Hic Reguli vox non sibi providi  
     Flexit senatores, petentis  
     Clarius exilium triumpho :

Hæc illa tellus, quæ tulit ultimas  
 Terrarum ad oras signa minantia,  
     Laurusque victoresque currus  
     Cum ducibus Numidumque regum



Duxit tropæis ad Capitolium.

Eheu ! jacentes nunc aquilas tenet

Somnus perennis ; fortiumque

Nullus honor superest favillæ.

Sed pristinorum lux mihi suaviter

Ridet dierum. Visere me juvat

Urbesque desertumque campum et

Templa suis spoliata Divis :

Lustrare flavâ quas Tiberis lavat

Oras arenâ, aut Nar violentior

Qua surgit, aut obliquus errat

Mincius. O sacer amnis, annon

Unquam trementes inter arundines

Mœsti susurrat vox tibi Virgili ?

Auditur : haud ripam relinquat

Musa tuam : calet et calebit

Semper Camœnæ spiritus igneæ,

Et fabulosis sedibus immorans,

Per saxa, per valles, suâque

Prata volat celebrata chordâ.

Ibo, ruentùm Tibur ubi strepit  
 Fragore aquarum ; visam ego frigidum  
 Præneste, curvatamque fluctu  
 Parthenopen, vacuasque Cumas.

Dic, O vetustæ filia Chalcidis,  
 Phœbea sedes, quid superest tui ?  
 An marmor usquam, et sculptor audax  
 Dædalus, historiæque miræ ?

Et fana et ædes O ubi sunt ? jacent  
 Oblivioso mersa silentio ;  
 Murum ruinososque vicos  
 Gramineum tumulat sepulchrum :

Nec garrulorum murmura civium  
 Audire nunc est ; sed regio horrida  
 Occultat infestas latronum  
 Insidias : male tunc apertis

Erratur agris, cum niger Hesperus  
 Induxit umbras, et juga terruit  
 Gaurana concentus propinquas  
 Per silvas ululans luporum.

O quis Sibyllæ fatidicam domum  
 Lustrare mecum, quis nemus audeat,  
 Et mille per flexus hiantes  
 Tartareas specuum latebras ?

Quo ferre quondam non timuit pedem  
 Trojanus heros ; deinde sub infera  
 Descendit, et ductu Sibyllæ  
 Ad Stygium penetravit amnem ;

Dīs carus : ille et sæcula posteris  
 Promissa vidit, sceptraque Julia,  
 Et cuncta terrarum per orbem  
 Missa sub imperium Quirini.

Arce profanos : nam sacer est locus :  
 Duc me recessus, Diva, per avios,  
 Qua tela non intrans diei, et  
 Sulphurei latices Averni

Lethale virus faucibus evomunt.  
 Jam stagna propter, jam videor cava  
 Per tesqua, per dumos vagari,  
 Et Triviæ penetrare Divæ ;

Atrasque taxos inter et ilices  
 Feralis horror gliscit, opacaque  
     Nutant cupressorum, canitque  
     Triste melos agitata pinus,

Ruptoque cœpit sub pedibus solo  
 Mugire tellus, lunaque luridum  
     Lucere per frondes, levique  
     Mira volant simulacra formâ.

O magne Apollo, quo rapior ? Patet  
 Caliginosum trans aditum specus ;  
     Passis et apparet capillis  
     Labra movens taciturna vates,

Grassantium formidine numinum  
 Pallens, tremiscens. Ecce, Deus, Deus  
     Irrupit : illi plena fato  
     Corda novæ quatiunt procellæ ;

Phœbumque demens excutit. Audio  
 Singultientem : murmurat intima  
     Rupes, percussæque circum  
     Cum gemitu reboant cavernæ.

Siletur : oris detumuit furor,  
Solutusque ventus flebiliter sonat  
Per claustra suspirans, humique  
Sternitur exanimis sacerdos.

Attolle fessum, Deiphobe, latus;  
Et voce clarâ sæcula nuntia  
Ventura! Nec fatale carmen  
Da foliis; ea verret Auster

Dispersa : sed tu fare perennia  
Arcana Divûm. Te caput urbium  
Audit, triumphatura passim  
Roma: tuo capit arma jussu

Miles Sabellus; te Latium ferox,  
Et magna vatem agnovit Etruria;  
Regesque devictæque gentes  
Dicta tui tremuere Phœbi.

---

## POLYPHEMUS AD GALATEAM.

---

[An Eclogue in imitation of Theocritus.]

---

Qua properas, Galatea fugax? quid spernis amantem?  
 O superans candore nives, O mollior agnâ,  
 Uvis lucidior, tenero petulantior hædo!  
 Nescis quem fugias: ego te, Galatea, vocavi,  
 Neptuni genus, et nulli virtute secundus  
 Coelicolâm. Cyclops ego sum, cui maxima paret  
 Insula. Nonne vides flavis quæ messibus arva  
 Ditescant? mea sunt. Siculos mihi mille per agros  
 Mugitus armenta cient; plenisque capellæ  
 Uberibus, longæ inciderunt cum montibus umbræ,  
 Deveniunt: nunquam spumantia lacte recenti  
 Sina mihi desunt, nec toto caseus anno.  
 Hei mihi! nîl horum solatia præstat amori.  
 Conjicio quæ causa fugæ: quia lucet ocellus  
 Unicus hâc in fronte, puto: quia prominet ingens  
 Nasus ab hirsutâ facie; quia pulchrior alter.

Hinc precibus clausum nostris et pectus et aures  
 Dura tenes : quotiens nobis requiescere dulce est,  
 Et sopor altus humi prostratos detinet artus,  
 Oceano egrederis velut astrum in luminis oras,  
 Littus amas solemque, leves ubi cincta puellis  
 Ducis in orbe choros et vix pede radis arenam :  
 At simul excutio somnos, fugis improba, qualis  
 Aspecto fugit agna lupo : tunc nullus amoeni  
 Solis amor, non lætus ager, non florida tellus,  
 Non sic apta choro te suadet arena morari.  
 Nescio quid tam dulce tibi, quæ tanta voluptas  
 Sub salso queat esse vado ! Næ, tu Polyphemum,  
 Haud terram refugis : mea nympham turbat imago.  
 Est etiam in terrâ cui non comes ire recuses.  
 Stulta, quid Acin amas ? dignas cur solus amari  
 Acis habet veneres ? Non filius ille Deorum,  
 Aut Divo similis : non scit radicibus ulmos  
 Eruere, aut vastas saxis avellere moles :  
 Nec nivei pecoris dives, nec lactis abundat.  
 Hæc ego polliceor : tibi nunc et quinque juvenças,  
 Matres cum vitulis, præstanti corpore, servo.  
 Huc ades, O Galatea ; marinas linque latebras,  
 Utque velint steriles volvant se ad littora fluctus.  
 O utinam liquidi piscis mihi more liceret

Ad te nare sub alta: tui, Galatea, labelli  
 Aut teneræ saltem libarem basia palmæ:  
 Eximios legerem flores, tuque ipsa doceres  
 Nectere formosis aptissimaserta capillis;  
 Lilia cum violis, quas per dumeta latentes  
 Scrutarer, teneras ferrem cum baccare myrtos,  
 Fulgentesque crocos et quicquid suave rosarum est.  
 Cara veni Galatea: tibi jam mitia poma  
 Arboribus pendent onus, invitantia morsus,  
 Castaneæque nuces, et cerea pruna rubescunt.  
 Est mihi lymp̃ha domi, potius quam nectare potum  
 Albis e nivibus mittit mons frigidus Ætna:  
 Quernaque ligna super, duræ medicamina brumæ,  
 Atque indefessum servat focus aridus ignem.  
 Est mihi—sed venias: dominam te cuncta vocabunt.  
 Hic vives secum mali, somnosque salubres  
 Leniter excutiet vox matutina volucrum.  
 Hic plenas mulgebis oves, aut ditia pasces  
 Armenta, aut viridi frigus captabis in antro,  
 Qua superimpendet laurus, gracilisque cypressus,  
 Atque hedera, et dulces turgent in vitibus uvæ.  
 Hic nemus Hyblæis apibus dat pabula mellum;  
 Huc jucundus eas tremulæ sonus allicit undæ;  
 Tum quatiunt alas tiliarum in fronde, suumque



Miscent cum placido foliorum murmure carmen.  
 Sæpe foras errare juvat, cum vesperis aura  
 Vix tremit in foliis, altæque silentia sylvæ  
 Personat in convalle canens pastoris arundo.  
 Suave (puto) canere est ; suave est audire canentes ;  
 Suave etiam vocem caræ cum voce puellæ  
 Jungere cantando. Sed non sumus omnia docti.  
 Tu venias : modo quid possit mea fistula tecum  
 Experiar, modo castaneæ sedisse sub umbrâ  
 Et pendere tuo liceat cantantis ab ore.  
 Fas nobis (neque enim feritas huic insita cordi est)  
 Discere quid sit amor : discam te, nymp̃ha, magistrâ.  
 Sit satis hoc, Galatea, tibi, mecum esse beatæ.  
 Heu ! nîl respondes, et surdas alloquor undas :  
 Illarum confluxus et illætabile murmur  
 Semper in aure sonat ; rupes et saxa querelis  
 Irrident, rapiuntque preces ad nubila venti.  
 Sed quid ago infelix ? jam plenas lacte reducit  
 Vesper oves, jam strata jacent armenta per herbas,  
 Mulgendæque domum redeunt a monte capellæ.  
 O Cyclops, Cyclops, quæ te dementia cepit ?  
 Multæ te cupiunt, multæ petiere puellæ,  
 Multæ ridentes Galatæâ suavius ardent.  
 Præsentem mulge ; fugientem quærere noli :  
*Invenies aliam, quando hæc te spernit, amantem.*

"TUNC VARIE VENERE ARTES ; LABOR OMNIA VINCIT  
IMPROBUS, ET DURIS URGENS IN REBUS EGESTAS."

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[Some of these Verses were written as a School Exercise.]

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Ars, operum mater, salve ! Tua munera gratus,  
 Quamvis non humili voce canenda, cano.  
 Ecce miser duri jussis parere magistri  
 Cogor, et in certos verba referre modos.  
 Musa veni, clamo ; non audit Musa vocantem :  
 Phœbe fave ; nullus dat mihi Phœbus opem.  
 Quid faciam ? Tu major ades mihi Diva precanti ;  
 Sis mihi tu dubiæ duxque comesque viæ.  
 Ergo Pieridas Phœbumque valere jubebo ;  
 Carmine dicta meo carminis auctor eris.  
 In varias partes converto lumina ; passim  
 Ostendunt oculis se tua dona meis.  
 Quem teneo calamum ; qui nigricat humor in illo ;  
 Quam toties maculo, debita charta tibi est.

Vitam homini Natura dedit; sed pluris habenda,

Quæ facias vitæ munere posse frui.

Illa creat nudos; nudos tu vestibus ornas;

Tu domibus terram, quam dedit illa, tegis.

Illa pluit, gelidamque facit sævire procellam;

Tu pluvias arces et Boreale gelu.

Illa per immensum dispersit semina mundum,

Quæ rapiant venti, nox premat, unda voret:

Tu trahis e latebris, servas ea, condis in usum,

Quicquid habent aperis multiplicasque boni.

Squalebant steriles miseris mortalibus agri:

Ecce boves jungis, vomere findis humum:

Et jam lætus ager flaventibus undat aristis;

Falce cadunt segetes; horrea messe gemunt;

Vite rubent colles: necdum sumus omnia nacti;

Quid segetes prosunt? cruda quid uva sapit?

Panem frumento, vinum mutavimus uvâ:

Dīs nihil invideo, si sibi nectar habent.

Nec requies, quin cœnandi percussus amore

Nil intentatum, te duce, linquat homo.

Cuncta novos illi reddunt elementa sapes;

Dat mare, dat tellus, dat levis aura cibum.

Præsidium non sylva feris, non piscibus altum;

Dejicit aerias plumbeus imber aves.

En, quis equum nobis docuit parere ferocem ?

Tu Dea, tu frænis ausa domare tuis ;

Tu cohibere caput, volucrique insistere dorso,

Præcipitisque fugæ mille docere modos :

Tu currus junxisse : tibi crepat axis anhelans,

Lubrica per duram se rota volvit humum.

Nequicquam populum populo determinat æquor ;

Ædificas naves ; trans mare tuta volas.

Impiger extremas currit mercator ad oras,

Et rapido cursu jungit utrumque polum ;

Vendit, emit ; cumulos argenti portat et auri,

Vina refert, gemmas, multaque mira domum.

Quid verò ? sine te sese haud vicinia nôrit :

Tu penetras montes, aspera plana facis.

Sternis ubique vias : sectus rigat arva canalis

Labitur effosso merx onerata solo.

Oppida quadrantur plateis ; rus influit urbi ;

Convenit in pleno civica turba foro.

Missa levi passim festinat epistola pennâ,

Et quod lingua nequit, nuncia verba docent.

Exuit incultos mores tibi gramen et arbor,

Fitque decens hortus, quæ modo sylva fuit.

Per te dispositos miramur in ordine flores,

Marmoreos fontes, Elysiumque nemus.

An memorem quo tu polias fera pectora cultu,

Quamque rudes animos pacis amica regas ?

An memorem vivâ fulgentem luce tabellam,

Æraque Phidiacâ quæ caluere manu ?

An quæ cœlesti modulans dulcedine cantor

Nunc plectro moveat, nunc vafer ore mele ?

Hæc fuerant ignota diu, dum more volucrum

Indocili linguâ rauca sonabat homo :

Ars tamen e ligno, nervis, atque ære canoro

Venit inauditos elicitura sonos ;

Quid spirare fides docuit, quid tibia posset,

Quid bene compactis organa clara tubis.

Ars etiam miseris membrorum damna reponit,

Ars reparat vires et juvenile decus.

Os aperire suum non amplius Anna recusat;

Cui niveos dentes suppeditavit ebur.

Aspicit Elisam jam sexagesimus annus,

Nec rosa nec flavæ deseruere comæ.

Crus Lepido abscissum est ; at querno crure potitus,

Corripit impavidum, firmus ut ante, gradum.

Quid tam prisca moror ? Major mihi nascitur ordo

Carminibus ; tantum hæc sæcla tulere novi.

Mira loquar, sed visa mihi, sed cognita multis,

Et, nisi vidissem, vix habitura fidem.

Nunc etiam muti cunctarum nomina rerum  
     Edere condiscunt, colloquioque frui ;  
 Indicibus digitis sensus animumque recludunt:  
     Per noctem et tenebras en patefacta dies !  
 Sed quis hic est ? Centum partes agit unus et idem,  
     Vir, puer est, juvenis, nupta, puella simul :  
 Jam succensentem rudens imitatur asellum,  
     Jamque canis latrat, jamque susurrat apis :  
 Nunc prope, nunc procul est, hinc exauditur et illinc,  
     Mobilis undique vox ; stat tamen ipse loco.  
 An magus est ? quidnam esse putes ? Non labra moventur,  
     Lingua tacet ; linguæ munia venter agit.  
 Quid nequeant homines, cum porci scripta doceri,  
     Et cantare queat mus, et alauda loqui ?  
 Exiguos pulices fulgentia vidimus arma  
     Induere, et sumptâ bella movere tubâ.  
 Nunc in amicitiam coeunt et vulpis et anser,  
     Pacem cum timido passere milvus agit ;  
 Et felis cum mure toro requiescit in uno ;  
     Aurea Saturni regna redire putes.  
 Vela rates antiquorum remique movebant,  
     Ut facerent longas ventus et unda moras :  
 Ecce ratem, venti quæ vim contemnit et undæ,  
     Per medios fluctus acta vapore volat.

O vapor omnipotens ; lymphâ tu natus et igne,  
     Ingenium matris, vim genitoris habes :  
 Cuncta moves, impellis, agis. Tibi machina parens  
     Tenue secat filum, vel grave tollit onus :  
 Lanea contextis, ferrum fabricaris et æra ;  
     Emicat e prelo pagina docta tuo.  
 Quid non perficies ? Nexi longo ordine currus  
     Fulmineas torquent te rapiente rotas :  
 Mille viatorum conjungitur agmen amicum,  
     Et tacito fugiunt tempus et hora pede ;  
 Dum fugiunt, confectum iter est ; lætusque viator  
     Obstupuit, cum se comperit esse domi.  
 Prandimus ad Thamesis ripas, coenamur Edinæ ;  
     Anglia nos hodie, Prussia vidit heri.  
 Ergo inter varias crescent commercia gentes,  
     Latius imperium terra Britannia reget.  
 Flumina fluminibus jungentur, et urbibus urbes ;  
     Idem mox populus Scotus et Indus erunt.  
 O duras hominum mentes ! Percurrimus omnes  
     Terrarum latebras, et freta cuncta maris :  
 Nec satis est : audax genus ad majora paratum,  
     Scandimus in nubes sidereasque domos.  
 Nequicquam pennas homini Natura negavit ;  
     Adjicit Ars pennas ; surgitur Artis ope.

Ætheris in spatium, magnâ plaudente catervâ,  
     Se rapit expanso serica cymba sinu :  
 Protinus ex oculis urbes collesque recedunt ;  
     Redit iter liquidum nauta ferente Noto :  
 Sub pede terrestris globus est ; nant nubila circum ;  
     Vasta patent coeli ; nec tamen ille tremit.  
 Ast ego, Diva, tuas si perstem dicere laudes,  
     Dejiciat calamus jam mihi fessa manus.  
 Omnia non possim : numerum quis nôrit arenæ ?  
     Sunt tibi qui credant nil superesse novi :  
 Hoc ego non credam : sed quod tibi restat agendum,  
     Dicturos vates postera sæcla ferent.

---

“TRAHIT SUA QUEMQUE VOLUPTAS.”

Velle suum cuique est. Hic quod Paradisus Adamo  
     Fudit ab innocuo flumine nectar amat :  
 Ille nefas credit contemnere dona Deorum,  
     Et fruitur paterâ, Liber amice, tuâ.  
 Sit mihi firma salus, hic sobrius optat. At ille,  
     Non podagram timeo ; da mihi dulce merum.  
 Pallidus hic lymphâ ; nasus felicior illi  
     Ardet, ut in Siculo torrida messis agro.



Miles in arma ruit, paucos et sanguine nummos

Comparat, et magni regis amore calet :

At placidam sequitur pacem prudentior alter,

Et regi solvit justa tributa domi.

Lentulus, in pugnâ dum fortiter arma gerebat,

Procidit, abscisso crure, cruentus humi :

Non tamen Aufidio visa est victoria tanti ;

Crure domum salvo, sed sine laude redit.

Ventre Lacon oculos majoris pendit et aures ;

Hos epulæ recreant, uritur ille fame :

Pulcher opum cumulus mirantem pascit ocellum,

Argenti crepitus suavis in aure sonat ;

Venter at esuriens, " Pœnam dabis improbe," clamat,

" Cuncta meus penetrans ibit in ossa dolor."

Vera monet ; sine thesauris vir dives ad Orcum

Mittitur, et rapto flet puer orbus avo :

Flet puer ; at tristes solata pecunia luctus,

Vina, dapes, nymphas, omnia læta parat ;

Deperitura brevi, ceu, ver ubi risit amœnum,

Defluit a summis mane pruina jugis.

Utilis Æmilio, tibi ludo est alea, Quinti ;

Et minus est ludo cara crumena tibi :

Pauperior tu semper abis, locupletior ille ;

Quis putet ad similes edita vota Deos ?

Tota domus resonat, Pauli mirata lepores,  
     Nam lepor est, Pauli quicquid ab ore cadit :  
 Os aperit Paulus ; rident juvenesque senesque ;  
     Ore locuturo tot micuere sales.  
 Cotta jocos odit, nec scit bene Cotta jocari ;  
     Vir sapiens ego sum, murmurat ipse sibi ;  
 Et puto, si quis inest torvo sapientia vultu,  
     Cotta sibi in toto non habet orbe parem.  
 Si qua fides Mopso, Phyllis dulcissima rerum est,  
     Pulchrior Aurorâ, purior illa nive ;  
 Phyllide jam nuptâ se prædicat esse beatum,  
     Et fruitur dulci credulitate senex :  
 O pudor ! ingrata est Phyllis, juvenesque protervos  
     Magnanimo fertur præposuisse viro.  
 Carmina condit ovans, et amat sua carmina Faustus ;  
     Jure suam prolem possit amare parens :  
 Utque pater caris pueros ostendit amicis,  
     Quo fallat sociæ tædia longa dapis ;  
 Carmina convivis recitat post prandia Faustus,  
     Pascat ut ingenium nobiliore cibo :  
 Rufus et Aufidius tollunt super astra poetam,  
     Bisque rogant eadem terque quaterque legat :  
 Illi audire solent, quæ sint pulcherrima nôrunt,  
     Plaudere quo deceat, quoque tacere loco ;

Ast alii nutant omnes, et pulchra Corinna

Dormit in ambrosio semisupina toro.

“Libertate opus est, O patria!” clamat Iulus;

“Crede mihi; felix, libera, dives eris.”

Vindicat humani generis carissima jura;

Interea pessum res sinit ire suas;

Negligit uxorem, natos, patrimonia, famam;

Pro patriâ vivit, pro patriâque perit.

Silvius a patriâ titulos accepit et aurum;

Præmia virtutis talia dona putat:

Despicit infidum vulgus, populumque profanum,

Et patriam credit quod videt ipse domi.

Aspicias? In varias divisa Britannia partes,

Nunc hinc incertum, nunc movet inde pedem.

Huc proceres studiis, rapit illuc mobile vulgus;

Quisque suos sequimur, credula turba, duces.

Sunt quorum vili sententia veneat auro,

Ira furens multos, et malus ardor agit.

Tu rogitas, bone vir, recti studiosus et æqui,

Te quibus adjungas, quo duce tutus eas.

Hoc ego respondere tibi, nihil amplius ausim;

Judicio fides, si sapis, ipse tuo.

"PUERILIA LUSIMUS OMNES."

Mens etiam pueris varia est ; sua quemque voluptas  
 Allicit ; haud spes est una, nec unus amor.  
 Dic age, quæ sanctâ cum turre Salopia surgens  
 Ditia fœcundis messibus arva vides,  
 Fluminaque antiquos præterlabentia muros,  
 Cara meo fratri flumina, cara mihi ;  
 Quot ludos agitent, quales post seria nugas,  
 Quos foveas almo fida magistra sinu.  
 Conveniunt. Locus est medio porrectus in agro,  
 Qua levis attritu canduit herba pedum :  
 Protinus hunc certo designat limite, seque  
 Dividit in partes gens animosa duas :  
 Jamque ferunt celeremque pilam, baculosque sonantes ;  
 Illa indefessam corripit usque fugam ;  
 Nunc per humum saliens, nunc icta resurgit in auras  
 Mobilis, et varias itque reditque vias.  
 It clamor coelo ; fervet certamine campus ;  
 Fronte fluit sudor ; fulgurat igne gena.

Parte aliâ ardentem cohibet minor area ludum,  
     Qua resonat paries icta minore pilâ.  
 Ast alii teretes volvunt mirâ arte lapillos,  
     Mutuaque inter se bella ciere docent.  
 Hic rota se tenuis, movet inde volubile buxum,  
     Tortilis ignavas punit habena moras.  
 An loquar, ut plumis levior volitantibus uter  
     Per medias acies turbinis instar eat ?  
 Impulsu ruit ille pedum. Concursus ubique,  
     Et strepitus discors, iraque mixta joco :  
 Jurgia non absunt : hostis colliditur hosti,  
     Pronus in immundam volvitur alter humum.  
 Quid soleæ possint, laceri testantur amictus,  
     Cruraque non unâ livida facta notâ.  
 Ne pueri, ne vos animis assuescite rixas ;  
     Non est e tali lite petendus honor.  
 Est qui flumineas armatus arundine ripas  
     Quærit, ubi multo pisce natantur aquæ ;  
 Quem fluitans summo delectat in æquore suber,  
     Nec piget ingratae tædia ferre moræ.  
 Nonnunquam in gremio tumidæ sublata Sabrinæ  
     Allicit audacem parvula cymba chorum :  
 Incumbunt transtris ; salit alto hiscente carina,  
     Suaviter in numerum remus et unda canunt.

1 calet æstivo campus sub sole refulgens,

Hora monet gelido membra lavare freto :  
gentem videas, exutâ veste, catervam

Acri ter in fluvium præcipitare caput :  
unc juvat adversos animoso pectore fluctus

Scindere, nunc prono leniter amne vehi :  
ore levis ranæ, ruit urinator in ima,

Salmonum scrutans Naiadumque domos.  
1 ! caveat, quisquis nondum sine cortice navit :

Tutius in placido luxuriare vado.  
rolus agricolæ peragrat temerarius arva,

Septaque præcipiti frangit opaca viâ ;  
vaditque ferox ditatum fructibus hortum,

Nec metuit vigili quem videt ore canem :  
ce pyri dulces, cerasique, et poma rubescunt ;

Porrigit ad cerasos, poma, pyrosque manum.  
lius in plateas prodit, cui se Gulielmus

Dat comitem, et multâ construit arte dolos.  
civem innocuum, nitidâ cum veste decorum :

Putribus hunc ovis dexter uterque ferit :  
spicit iratus, circumspicit, omnia lustrat ;

Nullus adest ; tantum risus in aure crepat.  
n foribus pulsus fugere ; hiat ante reclusas,

Et magico falsam se putat Anna sono.

Jamque macella petunt, tripodas quæ fune ligatos

Evertunt, flentes ut speculentur anus.

Sæpe juvat portâ cornicem avellere ; sæpe

Missilibus saxis fracta fenestra placet.

Sic ferulæ immemores sæviturique magistri,

Tempora ridentes non revocanda terunt.

Tu tamen, O quisquis laudes et præmia quæris,

Indigna ingenio gaudia temne, puer.

Seria cum nugis misce, sic otia degens

Providus, ut fructus sint habitura bonos.

I, cane, si quid habes ; vel tu, penicilla, papyrum

Accipe ; quid possis experiare manu.

Sunt quibus interdum fas te recreare libelli,

Qui levia, at lectu non inhonesta, docent.

Sæpe habeas dulcem, qui te comitetur, amicum :

Colloquio melius pulchra monente nihil.

Interea firmes robusto membra labore :

Corpore cum sano mens tibi sana manet.

Utile sic dulci junges, ludoque reffectus

Acrior ad solitum te revocabis opus.

## AD PICTOREM.

Huc ades O nostram cui tradita cura puellam  
Eximium tabulis perpetuare caput ;  
Huc ades, ingenioque simul dextrâque labora :  
Digna est ingenio, digna labore Chloe.  
Pingendæ teneræque manus teretesque lacerti,  
Collaque montanâ candidiora nive,  
Flavaque cæsaries, et celsæ gloria frontis,  
Et gena Pæstanæ tincta colore rosæ,  
Et labium, cujus fragrantia basia vincant  
Nectareos haustus ambrosiamque Jovis.  
Omnia non possim numerare, sed ipse videbis  
Qualia sint quæ me surripuere mihi :  
Nam veneres tot in ore micant, quot in æquore risus,  
Cum levis Oceani concitat aura sinum.  
Hoc vereor, cum stes præclarâ virgine coram,  
Cor tibi ne trepidet deficiatque manus.



An poteris vivum chartæ committere vultum,  
    Qui miranda solet, voce tacente, loqui ?  
Ejus enim non est imitabile fulgur ocelli :  
    Ne tua præstringat lumina luce, cave.  
Cætera cum possis, hoc ars tibi deerit ad unum :  
    Tentandum tamen est ; incipe pictor opus.  
Fors erit, ut dulcem capiant tibi corda furorem,  
    Et quasi conspectâ sint animata Deâ.  
Eveniat precor hoc, votis optabile nostris,  
    Nec tamen in damnum, pictor amice, tuum ;  
Scilicet ut ridens adsit Venus ipsa labori,  
    Ipse tibi præsens auxilietur Amor.  
Haud mora : jam magici tingent penicilla colores,  
    Et quoquo inciderint lumen et ignis erit ;  
Attonitoque tibi crescet vitalis imago,  
    Stabit et in tabulis altera nata Chloe.

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AN EPITAPH.

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Duo hic sepulti sumus,  
Una duos tegit humus,  
    Una domus continet;  
Si quis huc direxit passum,  
Ne discedat hinc incassum,  
    Verum pauca legens stet.

Dum in terrâ vivebamus,  
Fidi conjuges eramus,  
    Quos perenni vinculo  
Junxit exoptatus hymen,  
Pace beans nostrum limen  
    Et amore mutuo.

Quatuor et quinque facti,  
Cuncta quæ sperata nacti,  
Dies lætos egimus  
Sed humana sors amara ;  
Pignora amoris cara  
Morte rapta vidimus.

Summa nobis spes fuere ;  
Rapta diu reliquere  
Triste desiderium ;  
Donec, bonitate Dei,  
Lux benignioris spei  
Attulit solatium.

Mox e tumulo surgemus,  
Filiosque revisemus,  
Ubi nos acerba vis  
Nulla unquam separabit,  
Corda purus animabit  
Amor immutabilis.

"MOVEAT CORNICULA RISUM  
FURTIVIS NUDATA COLORIBUS."

Traditur, (antiqua est ea fabula,) graculum paternæ  
 Sprevisse gentis corpus et colorem.  
 "Cur mihi non facies melior data?" Sic solebat ille  
 Questus inanes pipilare secum :  
 "Cur non crista rubens in vertice? non venusta cycni  
 "Candore cervix elegantîaque?  
 "Stellatis radians Junonius ales est ocellis :  
 "Indignor hanc me non habere laudem."  
 Talia plorabat quondam miser, aspicitque plumæ  
 Stellis micantes forte qua jacebant :  
 Attollit spolia, et vitrei prope marginem fluenti  
 Suis laborat implicare pennis ;  
 Qualis et ad speculum sedet anxia comiturque nympha,  
 Longas adornans se moratur horas ;  
 Deinde novâ lætatus imagine vadit ambulatque  
 Collumque jactat erigitque caudam ;  
 Pavonumque gregi, quasi plaudere possit ipsa Juno,  
 Pavone jungit se superbiorem,  
 Ostentans avide spectacula risui futura.  
 Quid multa ? Cernit agmen omne fraudem ;

Invadunt rostris non lenibus, exuuntque prædâ,  
Locoque pellunt improbum fugantes.  
In propriâ te pelle tene; simulata vix, opinor,  
Aut feminas latebit aut volucres.  
Nonne vides? Sacharissa nitens ubi prodit in catervas,  
Nullam fefellit fucus is puellam;  
Invidus extemplo præstantia risus ora curvat,  
Meat malignus hinc et hinc susurrus.  
Graculus infelix quo verteret? Ad suos sodales,  
Poenam daturus heu severiorem,  
Avolat. "O generis turpissime," sic repulsus audit;  
"Nostrosne coetus ausus es redire?  
"Ludibrio cum sis pavonibus, anne graculorum  
"Consortio videris esse dignus?  
"Ut tu temnebas alios, ita temneris vicissim;  
"Hæc justa merces insolentiarum."

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are obese has increased by 100% (World Health Organization 1997). The prevalence of obesity in the United States has increased from 15% in 1980 to 23% in 1994 (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, the prevalence of obesity has increased from 10% in 1980 to 15% in 1994 (Reilly et al. 1995).

Obesity is a risk factor for a number of chronic diseases, including coronary heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes, and certain types of cancer (World Health Organization 1997). Obesity is also a risk factor for a number of mental health problems, including depression, anxiety, and eating disorders (Reilly et al. 1995). The prevalence of obesity is increasing in all countries, and it is becoming a major public health problem.

The purpose of this study was to investigate the prevalence of obesity in a sample of young adults in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in a sample of young adults who were attending a university in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in a sample of young adults who were attending a university in the United Kingdom.

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